

James Howel Esq<sup>3</sup>, one of  
the Clerks of his Ma<sup>ties</sup> most  
Hoble Privy Counsel.

—Sub-  
mole resugo.



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# POEMS

Upon divers

*Part.*

Emergent Occasions:

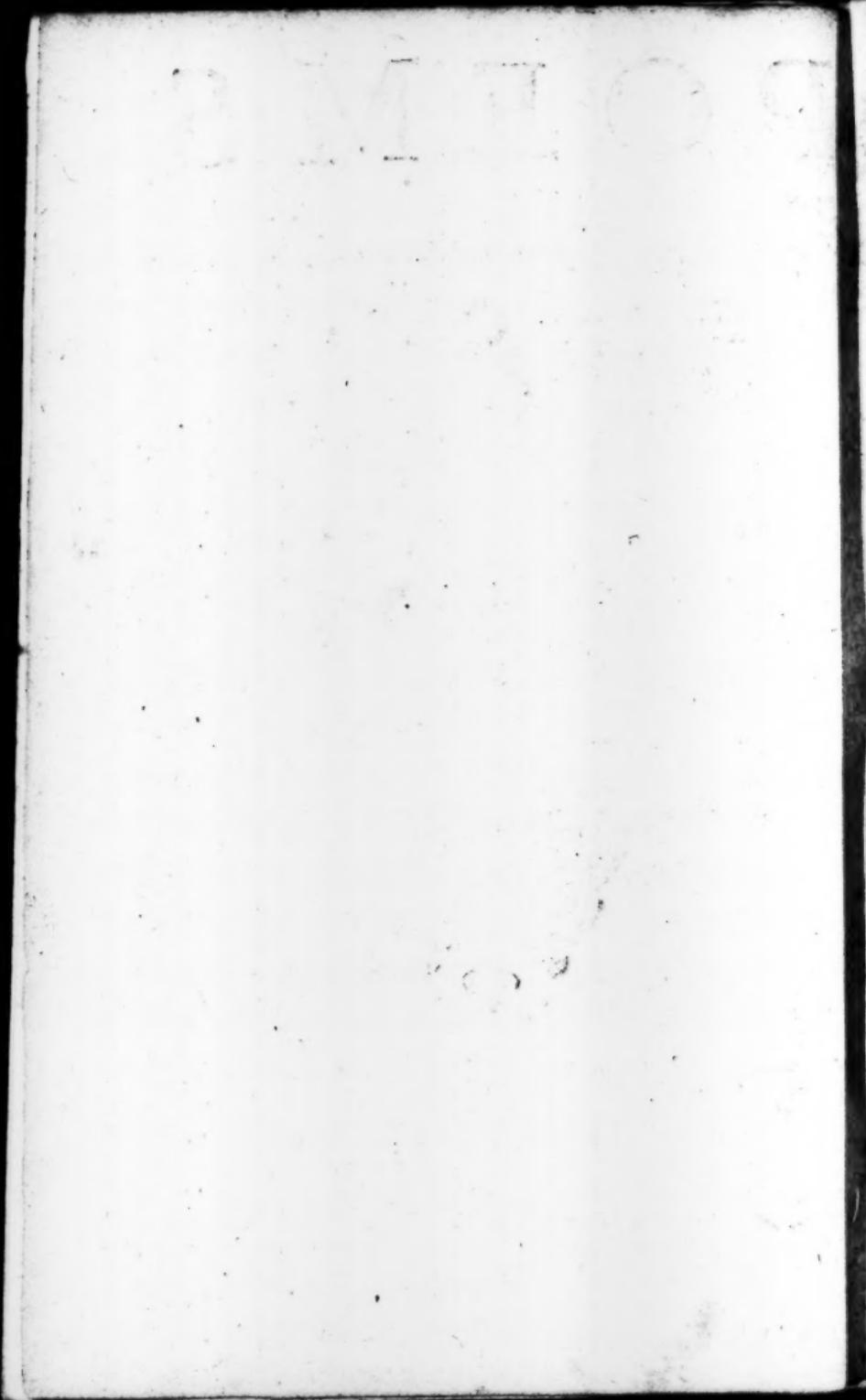
BY

James Hovvell  
ESQUIRE



LONDON:

Printed by Ja: Cotterel; and are to be sold in  
Exchange-alley near Lombard-street. 1664,



# POEMS

On several  
CHOICE and VARIOUS  
SUBJECTS.

Occasionally Composed  
By An  
Eminent Author.

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Collected and Published

BY

Sergeant-Major P. F.

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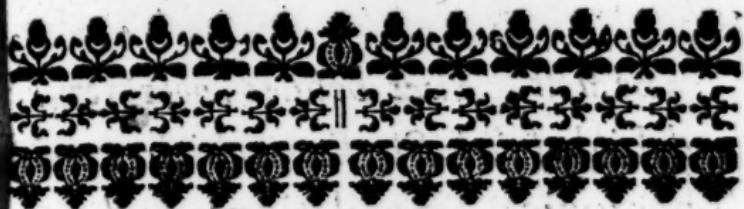
London:

Printed by Ja: Cottrel; and are to be sold by  
S. Speed, at the Rain-bow in Fleetstreet,  
near the inner Temple-gate. 1663.

GOHEM

WILHELM VON GOHEM

*John Whitchurch*



TO THE  
RIGHT REVEREND,  
And Innately Noble,  
**Dr. Henry King,**  
(Many years)  
Lord Bishop of *Chichester, &c.*

My L O R D !

**H**ere are divers Motives  
( humbly under Favour )  
which have induced me to  
this Dedication.

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

The first, That besides those severe  
and high-solid Studies which attend  
Theological Speculations, (wherein  
your Lordship is eminent even to admira-  
tion) 'tis evidently known, my Lord,  
that you have not onely a profound  
Judgement, but also a sublime Ge-  
nius in Poetical Compositions. Now,  
my Lord, 'tis upon good Record, that  
Poets were the first Divines and Phi-  
losophers; and as a great Wit well ob-  
serueth, Poetry is the clearest Light to  
prove that Man hath an Intellectual  
Soul, and Ray of Divinity shining in  
him.

The second Motive was, my Lord,  
That I finde in the Works of this Ex-  
cellent

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

cellent Author, some signal Passages  
that discover the particular Observ-  
ance and high Veneration not onely he  
hath (but many thousands more) of  
your Lordships dear Relations, and your  
own most Unparallel'd Merits.

The third Motive was, my Lord,  
That I might lay hold on this happy op-  
portunity of publickly confessing those  
Obligations I cannot now fairly Con-  
ceal, nor yet fitly Cancel; that the  
World as well as your most honourable  
Lordship may be sensible of these Over-  
tures of my devoted Gratitude; which  
till I can exemplifie in a Prolixer Pre-  
sent, I beseech your Lordship to accept  
this small Homage and contracted Ten-  
der

The Epistle Dedicatory.  
of his humble Devoire, who is otherwise  
unlimited,

My Lord,

And in all ample Duty  
and Obedience,

Your L O R D S H I P S

Most faithful Honourer,

A N D

Sincerely devoted Servant,

P. F



## To the Reader.

Not to know the Author of these Poems,  
were an Ignorance beyond *Barbarism*,  
as 'twas said of a famous person in *France*:  
yet I held it superfluous to prefix his Name  
in the Title-Page, he being known and easily  
distinguished from others by his Genius  
and Stile, as a great Wit said lately of him,

*Author Hic ex Calamo notus ut ungue Leo.*

He may be called the prodigie of his Age,  
for the variety of his Volumes: for from  
his *Δερδρολογία*, or *Parly of Trees*, to his *Θηρολογία*,  
or *Parly of Beasts*, (not inferiour to the other)  
there hath pass'd the Press above forty of his  
Works on various subjects; useful not onely  
to the present times, but to all posterity.

And 'tis observed, that in all his Writings  
there is something still *New*, either in the  
*Matter, Method or Fancy*, and in an untrod-  
den Tract. Moreover, one may discover a

To the Reader.

kind of Vein of Poësie to run through the body of his Prose, in the Continuity and succinctness thereof all along.

He teacheth a new way of Epistolizing; and that *Familiar Letters* may not onely consist of Words, and a bombast of Complements, but that they are capable of the highest Speculations and solidst kind of Knowledge.

He chalks out a Topical and exact way for *Forreign Travel*, not roving in general Precepts onely.

In all his Histories there are the true Rules, Laws and Language of History observed.

What infinite advantages may be got by French his Dictionaries and Nomenclature by all Professions and Nations!

How strongly and indeed unanswerably doth he assert the *Royal Right* in divers learned Tracts, to the unbeguiling and conversion of many thousands abroad as well as at home! &c.

Touching these Poems, most of them were saw publick Light before; for I got them in Manuscripts, whereof I thought fit to give the Reader an Advertisement.

A. T. VOL. II. Y. M. 1690

oblig'd

P. Fisher.

De

De Ornatissimo,  
Virōq; omnifariām pererudito  
Acris, & Ignei Ingenii,  
Polyglotto ad Prodigium usq;  
Dom. JACOBO HOWELL Maridunensi,  
Tam ex Majorum eris, quam sui Ipsius  
Meritis Armigero, &c.

**S**ic Phœbi Delubra patent ; sic tota Recessus  
Pandit Cyrrha nos, funditq; oracula pregnans  
Anglia, Cambriacæ & Cortina remugit aula.  
Nempe novum Eanidum Proles Montaccola fontem  
Ostendit, sacrasq; aperit Tritonidis arces  
Howelli Generosa Domus, Celeberrima Gentis  
Hoeliae, Patriiq; decus memorabile fundi.  
Tolle Coronatas Stirps Maridunia cristas,  
Howellumq; Tuum ventura in secula jactes  
Inuigenis peperisse plagis, quæ monstrat Avitos  
Insignis Fortuna lares, seriesq; vetusta  
Sanguinis a longo volventis flumina Rivo ;  
Ad Cujus gavisi otim Cristalla federe  
Grandevi Druides, patulifq; studere sub umbris  
Ornorum Bardi, & nemorum se condere Iufris.  
Vnde patet, nec vana fides, genus esse Jacobi  
De serie Druidum, suffusaq; peccora dudum  
Emblea primævis spiresse oracula cunis.

Ergo

Ergo Credulitas Majorum vana faceſſat,  
Nec ſibi Primores cunctos veſus arroget eum;  
Crete Panomphæum quid progenuiſſe Tonantem  
Intumet? aut veteres ſic altercantur, Homerus  
Quā fuerat de ſede ſatus? Quid culta ſuperbit  
Scaligero Verona ſuo? Quid Mantua fœlix  
Virgilio præcone tumes? En Cambria nobis  
Mantua, deq; ſuis Vates educitur oris  
Meonio nil Vate minor, Cunabula cuius  
Circum, tot Charitum croceis Examina turmis  
Mellifluos fecere favos, ea gratia Scriptis  
Aurea, libratoq; ſedet ſub carmine nervus,  
Et gravitas ſicæ non affeſtata loquela,  
Scilicet à Teneris docti vestigia Secli  
Uſq; ſequi Tibi cura fuit; veterumq; labores  
Volvere limatos, avidiſq; Heliconida labris  
Exhaustis Vacuare cadis. (a) Harlæus bonoris  
Primitias inſignis habet, Qui Numine dextro  
Tam Tibi, quam celebri Fratri primordia jecit  
Urbs Quem (b) Bristolie dudum dignata Tiaræ eſt  
Præfulis, & ſacram vel adhuc reminiſcitur umbram,  
O fœlix Howelle nimis nouiſſe Magiſtrum  
Harlæum cuius Gens Herefordia ſtirpem  
Faſet, & ingentem tollat per ſecula famam!  
Illiſ auspicis ſolidis, epheba Juuentus  
Pieriſ afflata modis, quum nobile Flacci  
Ante oculos ſaltabat Epos; & Plecitra Lucani  
Pharsalico concinna chely. Tum mite Terenti  
Ingenium, & ſtrictio ſervorum ſcommata ſocco,  
Plantinofq; ſales potaſti impubibus annis  
Hellus Græcorum Laticum. Mox Sydere verſo  
Ipſe novum moliris iter, quā Dulce Lyceum  
(a) Eruditissimus Dorn. Harley Scholæ Hereford. Archidiſcalus. (b) Frater noſtri Jacobi qui Episcop. Bristo-  
liensis moriſcatur. Oxenias

Oxoniae plenos reserat sicutientibus amnes.

Heic Jesu sacra Domus Te amplectitur ulnis  
Admissum geminis, & die pocula Lucis  
Castalio cum lacie dabant. Sub sensibus haustris  
Tum logicos primum gryphos, artesq; loquendi  
Digeris, & solide formâ methodoq; locatis,  
Venturæ Vigil instauras fundamina Famae.

Inde Sophistæ magis inspirata Susurro  
Mens Tua, Te Socium nullo opponente creavit  
Collegi veneranda Cohors. Nec sstitutur ingens  
Impetus, humane qui supra nubila vitæ  
Gestit, & aprico fælix feriatur olymbo.

Ergo Philosophæ sublimia culmina scandens  
Occultas reseras sedes, ubi Scrinia mundi  
Naturæq; Arcana habitant : ubi cernitur omnis  
Quid Divina velit, vel suaserit Etnica Virtus.  
Quicquid Socratico manavit ab ordine ; quicquid  
Clara Cleantheæ prescripsit Turba Lucerneæ ;  
Quicquid Erythræis Cynicorum Seçia studebat  
Gymnasiis ; quicquid dixit, tacuitq; loquendo,  
Pythagoras Howelle Tuum est, Qui abstrusa latebris  
Eruis ingenio, Rerumq; oracula pandens,  
Concipis immensos dilato peccore mundos.

Nec Tua Fama Domi, Patriisve morabitur antris,  
Veclia per extreum nonis Juvenilibus orbem,  
Et Regum consueta Aulis, interq; potentes  
Europæ Dominos porreçtas sumere laurus.  
Te Juvenem cognovit Iber; Te celsa Philippi  
Regia Catholici Madriti vedit Agentem  
Principis Adventu Caroli, stupuitq; loquentem,  
Traciantemq; diu alterni Molimina Sceptri.  
Inde Revertentem Borealis Syderis Atlas  
Ille Comes Præses Te Sunderlandius imis  
Secretis admisit amans, & Tanta Scientem,

Callens

Callentemq; foras, propriis praeferit habenis.  
Nec Patria requiescis agro, sed cœrula fuloans  
Cymbrica, ad ingentem Danorum flebiliis Aulam  
Mitteris Orator Regine busta Sophiae  
Exequiasq; dolens, Tua circum Rofra Licestro  
Legato, & Danum Procerum stipante Corona.  
Quæ Regio in terris nostro non nota Jacobo?  
Quem pede diffusi penetrantem viscera Regni  
Teutonides videre sui; Quem Gallia dudum  
Cum Batavo, & Veneti, & Siculi; & stupere Pelasgi;  
Romaq; tot linguas uno sub corde prementem  
Mirati, Poterantq; levi discrimine, cuncti  
Indigenam dixisse suum. Tunc Patria dignum  
Te Palmis censebat ovans, quem ad Tecta Senatus  
Prisca ciebat amans, & ter successibus equis  
Ad sua delegit Te Parlamenta Sedentem.  
Nec Patriæ cessabat amor, sed bonoribus urgens  
Continuis, credebat adbuc se parva dedisse  
Ni meritis majora daret: sic nobilis audis  
Clericus Augusti Caroli qua jungeris imis.  
Confiliis Tu Scriba cluens, Regniq; labores  
Multiplices, Auleq; vices Atlantis ad instar  
Collibras, Patriaq; humeros Supponis Olympo.  
Hec pro Te dudum dignissima, Patria fecit,  
Pro Patria nec parva facis, facilive rependis  
Officio, quæ fecit amor: Communia Testor  
Commoda, & attritis operosa volumina prælis  
Non uno numeranda Die. Te muta movente  
Organa, (c) Vocales fudere oracula Sylvæ,  
Et Trunci didicere loqui, Dodonea Quercus,  
Frondiferi Regina chori Tibi Bracchia pandens  
Tollit ad astra casas, foliisq; Superior exit  
A foliis famosa tuis, Quibus, Illa fatetur  
Se Tibi debendam, contextaq; Sesta dicandam  
(c) Dendrologia, Civica,

Civica, Romuleis nūl inferiora Triumphbis.

Utq; doces Sylvas, & tardo stipite Truncos  
Humanos simulare sonas, sic (d) Bruta Ferarum  
Guttura conformans, nostra Vernacula lingue  
Distinctasq; doces haurire, & reddere voces.  
Exemplum dabit illud opus sublime, Priori  
Vix dispar, ubi gliscit amor, Pietasq; Parenti  
Sceptrifero; & Fidei Mortales Publica duciim  
De Brutis Documenta bibant, trepidentq; Rebelles  
Excandescensem Britonum irritare Leonem.

Nec cessat Tua mira manus, celerive remissas,  
Indulges calamo ferias, quia vana perosus  
Otia, viciis latare laboribus, unam  
Vix perdens sine luce diem, Testabitur orbi  
Grandius Illud Opus (e) Bis Bino Idiomate coūsum  
Utile Principibus, Populoq; Orientis & Euri  
Orbis, & à toto divisis orbe Britannis.  
Heic veluti speculo Criticismata cuncta loquela  
Cantabrice discernit Iber; Syrene Jacobo  
Ausonios modulante sonos, de finibus exit  
Italus allecitus propriis; Gallusq; Garumnaq;  
Atq; Ararim rapido referens sermone, Britanglos  
Advolat, alterna miscens commercia lingue.  
(f) Hisce voluminibus Nomenclatura stupendi  
Subjunctum est Opus ingenii (g) Proverbia Gentis  
A tenebris memoranda trabens, formasq; leguendi  
Priscorum Britonum, Quorum venerabile semen  
Cambria servat adhuc, primosq; à sedibus actos  
Commemorabit avos: Tua Cambria clare Jacobe  
Cui Superum Duciū Tu post tot secla renascens

(d) Therologia. (e) Opus aliud elucubratissimum, cui  
titulus Lexicon Tetraglotton. (f) Aliud volumen non  
minoris molis quam emolumenti. (g) Aliud volu-  
men, Pentaglotton Proverbiorum.

Mddca

Adderis Exemplar, dum sic virtutibus amplis  
Instauras Patriam, & virtutes dotibus aequas.  
Egregie nasci laus est: sed gloria maior  
Pro Patriâ nasci, & primus Chronista creari  
Regis ab Historiis. Et quis dubitaverit amens  
Te Titulis minus ire Tuis, Oneriveq; lacertos  
Impariles, qui tanta manu Monumenta levâsti,  
Pressâq; vix liris portanda Volumina Rhedis.  
Lector avet majora? Domi quod scripseris olim  
Contempletur opus, plorandaq; damna (h) Senatus  
Prælongi numeret, cunctasq; ab origine causas  
Pendeat, & nostri recolet Commenta Jacobi.  
Si ulteriora petit? Peregrè succinctius ad oras  
Longinquis eat, & Te (i) Directore, viarum  
Præciosus, Europæ variis adremiget urbes,  
Conducensq; Tuo formet vestigia Filo.

Hoc Filo condacius, aquis scopulisq; sedentem  
Europæ Dominam (k) Venetum mirabitur urbem:  
Celsâq; Parthenopis (l) Regalia culmina cernet  
In Chartis Majora Tuis. Tunc versus ad oras  
Austriacas veterum Imperium venerabitur ingens  
(m) Teutonidum, & senio certantia vasta Viennæ  
Mania Pannonicæ toties ditata Tributo:  
Inde pedem sessum relegens, per Regna fereatur  
Gallia, & Hoelios agnoscet ritè labores  
Liligeræ Septem traciæ lustra Tiare,  
Translatiq; Polo (n) Ludovici Busta, Suiq;  
Armandi parvo non designata papyro.

Sed quid ego gracili calamo, vel carmine curto  
Hoelianas vanus comprehendere chartas

(b) Sobriæ ejus inspectiones in actiones longi Parlia-  
menti. (i) Directioñes peregre proficiscentibus. (k) His-  
toria ejus Voluminosa Venetum. (l) Par etiam  
Neopolitanorum. (m) Aliud etiam volumen de Imperio  
Germano. (n) Aliud exquisitum volumen de vita Lu-  
dovici Gallæ xiii.

Melior,

Molior, Herculeos quum tot recitare labores  
Herculeus labor alter erit? Testabitur Anglis  
Urbs vetus Heroum (o) Trinobantia gloria Civum  
Ingenio ditata Tuo. Testabitur orbi  
Cultius Illud opus quo splendit (p) Epistola cerebra  
Flexanimo concinna stylo, quo Fædera belli  
Et passim Momenta Toge, Faciesq; nitenti  
Cervitur Europeæ Speculo, & velamine dempto  
Obvia Summorum pateant Penetralia Regum.

Tantis Posteritas cumulabit honoribus, olim  
Vulgatos Howelle libros. Tantumq; labori  
Dedebit Gens nostra Novo, strips aurea Cujus,  
Formaq; Primævas nil postponenda Sorores  
Apello Charites, afflataq; cælitus Aëstro  
Peciora, fatidicum fibris Spirantia Phæbam.  
A Jove Principium sumens nam Pagina prima  
Sacra Sapit, gratoq; flunnt condita lepore  
Cætera Mellifluos redolentia carmina Flores  
Laurigeroq; novas Tibi contextura' corollas.  
Inde per humanæ raptus spectacula scænæ  
Quam parvas habitura moras Mortalia monstras,  
Indignoque licet depresso Carcere, Mentis  
Remigio super astra volas, Supremaq; versans,  
Discis ab immenso quam discrepat angulus Orbe,  
Et circumfusi quam curta Scientia Mundi  
Aëterno collata Deo. Tumet inde Papyrus  
Landibus Heroum, & Carolum Te Vate salutat,  
Angurioq; pio jamdudum rite potitis  
Induperatoris summos promittit honores  
Quam procul Austriacæ volucres, succumbere Gallo

(o) Aliud nobile volumen cui titulus Londinopolis.  
(p) Aliud opus usus omnifarii, cui titulus Epistolæ Ho-  
ellianæ. (q) Inauit Poemata ejus in lucem jamjam  
proditura.

Gaudibunt,

Gaudebunt, Gallusq; Anglo parere Leoti.

Heic etiam Octavi nitidum sine bile Charakter  
Pingitur Henrici, Quod latius Aula loquetur  
Et Genium, quam VVindsorii monumenta superbi  
Majorum constructa monu. (r) Saevillia Pubes  
Dorsigenis prelustris horos, caput eruet umbris  
Auspiciis Howelle Tuis. His (s) Marchio grandis  
Pierpontiadum Durotrigumq; cacumen  
Tollitur, & Celsa Katharinæ stensata dudum  
Tremolit deducit Down. Prob celsa columnæ  
Henrice armorum, & sublimibus Artibus: ingens  
Pro Secli Coryphæ Tui! Quos Fulgoris instar  
Antevolas, patrioq; creas Miracula Mundo.  
Hunc Chartis Howelle sonas, Cui gloria vastis  
Digna voluminibus, gradioq; canenda Corburno;  
Illi dumq; litas laudes, aliisq; sub isto  
Codice, diffuso spargis Tua nomina mundo  
Lataq; non propriis clandi Präconia Chartis.

(r) Nobilissimus ille nuper Edoardus Dorcestriæ comes,  
(s) Illusterrimus Henricus Marchio Durotrigum; Comes  
de Kingston, &c. & Katharinæ filia comitis de Derby,

Sic raptim cecinit

P. PISGATOR.

Misericordia tua in meliora tollit. (s)  
Misericordia tua in meliora tollit. (s)  
Misericordia tua in meliora tollit. (s)

Carthago

# POEMS

Upon several

## Emergent Occasions.

## The Progress of the Human Soul

## The whole History of Man.

8

Büte

But when this Soul comes in , and where she dwells  
 Distinct from th' other, no Dissector tells.

Now, which no Creature els can say, that state  
 Makes her (by Grace ) to be Regenerate.

She then becomes a Spirit : so at last  
 A Devil, or a Saint, when She hath cast  
 That clog of Flesh , which yet she takes again,  
 To perfect her Felicity or Pain.

Thus Man from first to last, is kin to all  
 Creatures, in Heav'n, in Earth, and Hell's Black Hall

*A Speculation.*

on Man. **T**HAT which the *smallest Star* in Sky  
 Is to the *Sun* in Majesty ;

What a *Monks Cell* is to *High-noon*,  
 Or a *New-cheese* to a *Full-moon* :

No more is *Man* , if one should dare  
 Unto an *Angel* him compare.

What to the *Eagle* is a *Gnat*,  
 Or to *Leviathan* a *Sprat* ;  
 What to the *Elephant* a *Mouse*,  
 Or *Shepherds Hut* to *Cæsars House* :

No more is *Man* , if one should dare  
 Unto an *Angel* him compare,

What to a *Perl* a *Pebble-stone*,  
 Or *Coblers Stall* unto a *Throne* ;  
 What to the *Oke* the basest *Shrub*,  
 Or to *Noah's Ark* a *Bucking-Tub* :  
 No more is *Man*, if one should dare  
 Unto an *Angel* him compare.

Then let not *Man*, *Half-child of night*,  
 Compare with any *Heavenly Wight* :  
 He will appear on that account  
 A *Mole-bill* to *Olympus Mount*.  
 Yet, let *This* still his comfort be,  
 He hath a *Capabilitie*  
 To be of *Heav'n* himself: but on this score,  
 If he doth not make *Earth* his *Heav'n* before.

---

*Of some Pious Meditations, when Prisoner  
 for the King in the Fleet.*

**A**S *Roses* 'mong sharp *Prickles* grow,  
 As *Crystal's* got of *Ice* and *Snow* ;  
 As *Perls* in *muddy Muscels* breed,  
 As *Gold* on *barren'ft earth* doth seed ;  
 As *Diamonds* in *Craggs and Rocks*,  
 As *Ambar* cruds 'twixt *Neptune's* *shocks* : (blew,  
 So 'mong those bleak *Fleet-blasts* which *Fortune*  
 These *calm* mild strains of *Meditations* grew.

*A Contemplation upon the shortness and shallowness  
of Human Knowledg.*

*Human Knowledge* If of the smallest *Star* in *Sky*  
We know not the Dimensity :  
If those *pure sparks* that *Stars* compose,  
The highest *Human Wit* do pose ;  
How then, poor shallow *Man* ! canst thou  
The *Maker* of these *Glories* know ?

If we know not the *Air* we draw ,  
Nor what keeps *Winds* and *Waves* in aw :  
If our small *Sculls* cannot contain  
The *flux*, and *saltness* of the *Main* ;  
If scarce a *Cause* we ken below ,  
How can we the *Supernal* know ?

If it be a mysterious thing ,  
Why *Steel* shold to the *Loadstone* cling :  
If we know not why *Jett* should draw ,  
And with such *Kisses* hug a *Straw* :  
If none can trnly yet reveal  
How *Sympathetick Powders* heal :

If we scarce know the *Earth* we tred ,  
Or half the *Simples* there are bred ,

With

With *Minerals*, and thousand things

Which for Mans health and food she brings :

If *Nature*'s so obscure, then how

Can we the *God of Nature* know ?

What the *Batts Ey* is to the *Sun*,

Or of a *Gloworm* to the *Moon* ;

The same is *Human Intellect*,

If on our *Maker* we reflect ;

Whose Magnitude is so immense,

That it transcends both Soul and Sense.

Poor Purblind-Man, then sit thee still ;

Let *Wonderment* thy Temples fill.

Keep a due distance : do not pry

Too neer, lest like the silly Fly,

While she the Wanton with the *Flame* doth play,

First fries her wings, then fools her life away.

A Prophetic Poem (partly accomplished) to his present *Majesty* then Prince, 1640.

A Parallel 'twixt his Highness and the *Black Prince*.

SIR,

Wales had one glorious Prince, for hair and hue

(Which colour sticks unto him still) like *You*.

He travell'd far ; he won his Spurs in *France* ;

And took the King, the King, O mighty chance !

Then his victorious Troops afresh he gethers;  
 And with the *Gray-Goose* wing his shafts new fethers  
 He beats a march up the *Pyreney* Hills,  
 And the *Cantabrian* Clime with terror fills,  
 To re-inthronē *Don Pedro Castills* King;  
 Of which Heroick Act all Stories ring.

Your Royal *Sire* travell'd so far, and thay  
 Of all our Princes onely made that way.  
 Who knows, great Sir, but by just Destiny,  
 Your *Bunch* of youthful *Plumes* may further fly:  
 But, Faucon-like, you may with full summ'd wing  
 The *Eagle* cuff, and from his Talons wring  
 The (a) Prey, or in exchange seize on his *Ore*,  
 And fix your Standard on the *Indian* Shore. (got:

'Twas by a (b) *Charles*, *France* once the Empire  
 'Twas by a (c) *Charles*, *Spain* also drew that lot:  
 Why may not *Britain* challenge the next Call,  
 And by a *Charles* be made *Imperial*?

a *Palatinat.* b *Carolus Magnus.* c *Carolus Quintus.*

*Sic Vaticinatur*

J. H.

---

*A Rapture upon Delia.*

**C**ould I but catch those Golden Rays  
 Which *Phebus* at High Noon displays,

I'd

I'd set them on a Loom, and frame  
A Scarf for *Delia* of the same.

Could I that wondrous *Black* come near,  
Which *Cynthia*, when she mourns, doth wear;  
Of a new fashion I wold trace  
A Mask thereof for *Delia's* face.

Could I but reach that *Green* and *Blue*,  
Which *Iris* decks in such rare hue  
From her moist *Bow*, I'd drag them down  
To make my *Delia* a *Summer-Gown*.

Could I those *Whitely Stars* come nigh  
Which makes the *Milky-way* in *Sky*,  
I'd *Poach* them, and at *Moon-shine* dress,  
To make my *Delia* a *Hougon Mess*.

Thus would I *diet*, thus *attire*  
My *Delia* Queen of *Hearts* and *Fire*:  
She shold have ev'ry thing *Divine*,  
What might befit a *Seraphine*.

And 'cause *ungirt unblest* we often find,  
One of the lesser *Zones* her *Waste* shold bind.

Of the tru Observation of Lent.

**N**ow Lent is come, let us refrain  
 From Carnal Creatures quick or slain ;  
 Let's curb, and macerat the *Flesh* ;  
 Impound, and keep it in *distress* ;  
 For forty days, and then we shall  
 Have a *Replevin* from the *thrall* ;  
 By that *bles'd* Prince, who for this Fast  
 Will give us *Angels* food at last.  
 But to abstain from *Beef*, *Hog*, *Goose*,  
 And let our Appetites go loose ;  
 To *Lobsters*, *Crabs*, *Prawns*, or such *Fish*,  
 We do not *Fast*, but *Feast* in this.  
 Not to let down *Lamb*, *Kid*, or *Veal* ;  
*Hen*, *Plover*, *Turkicock* or *Teal*,  
 And eat *Botargos*, *Gaviar*,  
*Anchoves*, *Oysters*, and like fare :  
 Or to forbear from *Flesh*, *Fowl*, *Fish*,  
 And eat *Potatoes* in a *Dish* ;  
 Done o'er with *Ambar*, or a *Mess*  
 Of *Ringos* in a *Spanish* *Dress* ;  
 Or to refrain from each *hot* thing  
 Which *Water*, *Earth*, or *Air*, doth bring ;  
 And play a hundred pounds at *Gleek* ;  
 Or be at *Saunt* when we shold sleep :

Or

Or to leave play with al high Dishes,  
And feed our thoughts with *Wanton Wishes* ;  
Making the *Soul*, like a Light Wench,  
: *Year Patches of Conscience*.  
This is not to keep *Lent* aright,  
But play the Juggling Hypocrit.  
He keeps *Lent* more, who tames the *inward Man*,  
Then he, who makes the *outward* feed on *Bran*.

---

Before the *History of Lewis the 13.* ( with his *Cardinal Richlieu* ) called *Lustra Ludovici*.

### HISTORIÆ SACRUM.

**I**Mmortal Queen, great *Arbitress of Time*, on *Truth*,  
Bright *Torch* and *Herald* of All-conquering *Truth*,  
Which *Things*, years thousands since, keepst still in  
prime,  
And so maintain' st the *World* in constant *Youth* ;  
Making that *Morn* *Man* first was made of *Clay*,  
Appear to us as *fresh* as *Yesterday*.  
Rich *Magazin* of *Patterns*, which may serve  
As *Spurs* to *Vertu*, or as *Curbs* to *Vice* ;  
Which dost *Brave Men* *embalm*, and them *conserve*  
Longer then can *Arabian Gums* or *Spice* :  
And of their *Memories* dost *Mummy* make,  
More firm then that hot *Lybia*'s *Sands* do *cake*.  
Rare

Rare Garden, and rich Orchard, wherein grow  
*Fames* golden Apples, *Vertues* choicest flow'rs ;  
 Who twistest Garlands for the learned Brow,  
 And with thy Branches mak'st triumphant Bow'rs :  
*Inoculat* this Bud on thy great Tree,  
 That it may bourgeon to Eternity.

---

*Before*

**L O N D I N O P O L I S :**

**O R,**

A new History of *London* :

*Parallell'd with the greatest Cities on Earth.*

*Of London-Bridge.*

*London* **W**hen *Neptun* from his Billows *London* spyde,  
*Bridge* Brought proudly thither by a High spring-  
*Tyde*,  
 As through a *Floating Wood*, he steer'd along,  
 And *Dancing Castles* cluster'd in a throng :  
 When he beheld a mighty *Bridge* give Law  
 Unto his Surges, and their fury aw :  
 When such a shelf of *Cataracts* did roar,  
 As if the *Thames* with *Nile* had chang'd her shoar :  
**V**Vhen he such massy Walls, such Tow'rs did eye,  
 Such Posts, such Irons upon his back to lye ;  
 When

When such vast *Arches* he observ'd, that might  
Nineteen *Rialto's* make for depth and height :

When the Cærulean God these things survay'd,  
He shook his *Trident*, and astonish'd, said,  
Let the whole *Earth* now all her *Wonders* count,  
This *Bridge* of *Wonders* is the Paramount.

*The same in Latine, which for their weight I also  
insert.*

De Ponte Londinensi, ejusq; stupendo situ,  
& structurâ.

**C**um Londinensem *Neptunus* viderat urbem  
Ve*c*ius ibi propriis, atq; reve*c*ius *Aquis*,  
Dam densam penetrat *Sylvam*, *Lucosq; ferentes*  
Pro ramis funes, pro foliisq; Cruces:  
Cum superimpositum Torrenti in Flumine Pontem  
Viderat, & rapido ponere *Jura* *Freto*:  
Cum tantos muros, ferrumina, *Castra*, tot Arcus  
Spec*ta*at, & h*ec* tergo cuncta jacere suo,  
Arcus qui possent totidem formare *Rialtos*  
Metiri si quis summa, vel *Ima* *cupit*,  
H*ec* Deus Undarum aspiciens, *Fluxusq; retrorsum*  
Tundere, & borrendos inde boare sonos,  
Nunc mibi quanta velis *Terræ* *Miracula* *pandas*,  
Est primus Mundi Pons, ait, *Iste stupor*.

J. H.

Before

*Before Bishop Andrews most holy Meditations and  
Prayers.*

**I**F ever any merited to be

*Bp.* The *Universal Bishop*, this was He.

*Andrew* Great Andrews, who the whole vast S E A did drain  
Of Learning, and *Distill'd* it in his Brain.

These pious *Drops* are of the purest kind  
That trickled from the *Limbeck* of his Mind.

*Before that large and elaborate Work*, called,

The German Diet;

Which, in many Princely Orations, displays

The Power and Weakness,

The Plenty and Want,

The Antiquity and Modernness,

The Advantages and Defects,

The Glory and Reproche,

The Vertues and Vices,

of all the Countries of Christendom.

*Contraria juxta se posita magis elucent.*

**B**lack sidelong put, or standing opposite,  
Doth use to add more lustre unto *White*.

A *Perl* shines brighter in a *Negro's* Ear :  
Some Ladies look more fair who *Patches* wear :  
So *Vice*, if counterplac'd, or seated near,  
Makes *Vertu* show more lovely, strong, and clear.

This *Book* hath *Vice* and *Vertu*, *White* and *Black* :  
'Tis like a *Crystal-Glass* *fyld* on the back :  
'Tis like a *Chessboard*, (or an *Ermins Skin*)  
Checker'd with two *Extreams*, both out and in.  
It weighs and winnows *good* from *bad*, which any  
Of *Europes* Kingdoms have, (and they have many.)

Now, if those purer *Regions* of the *Sky*,  
Where ev'ry *Star*'s a perfect *Monarchy* ; *Spots even in Stars &c,*  
If the bright *Moon*, and glorious *Sun* above  
Have *Spots* and *Moles*, as *Optick Glasses* prove ;  
How then can these *gross* earthly *Regions* be,  
And *We* that peopple them, from taintures free ?

This were for *us* to arrogat that *Bliss*

Which *Adam* could not keep in *Paradis*.

*Before*

Before my Lord of Cherberry's History  
of King Hen. 8.

**V**ices in Kings are like those spots the Moon  
Bears in her body, which so plain appeer  
To all the world: so *Vertues* shine more clear  
In them, and glitter like the *Sun* at Noon.  
This King had *both*; yet counter-balance all,  
You'll find th' out-poising Grain in *Vertues* Scale.

He was more King then *Man*: his *Gallantries*  
on King *Surpass'd* his *Fraulies*; Had his *Passions* bent  
Hen. 8 To *Him* as *France* did, and his *Parlement*;  
Or had his *Set* been equal to his *Rise*:  
Of all those glorious Kings wore *Englands* crown,  
He had march'd with the foremost in Renown.

This learned *Lord*, this *Lord* of *VVit* and *Art*,  
This *Metaphysick* *Lord* gives us a *Glass*,  
VWherein we may discern in ev'ry part  
This boystrous Prince, He cuts *Him* out in *Brass*,  
In everlasting *Brass*: so that I may avow,  
*Old Harry* never had a *Monument* till now.

An

*An Analytical Character or Dissection  
of Hen. 8.*

This great King may be considered,

1. In his Person, and outward Proportion.
2. In his Properties, and inward Disposition.
3. In his Political Capacity, and Actions Civil and Martial.

Touching the first, he was of a goodly Stature, of a Majestic awing Presence, of a clear sanguin Complexion; which made him apt to give and take *Tentations* of that Sex which was too hard for the *First*, the *Strongest* and *Wiseſt Man*. He had a competency of spirit to manne that large Bulk throughout: for he was vigorous and robust, witness his overthrowing Sir *William Kingſtone* horse and man in the presence of three Queens. His Dexterity at Tilt, the Barriers, and all other heroick Exercises at his interviews with the French King, and Emperors: for when he appeered in any Action, He out-went all others.

Touching the second, it sub-divides it self into his *Vertues* and *Vices*. For his *Vertues*, by advantage of Education, (being designed for the Church) he

he was well vers'd in the Arts, a good Latinist and Divine. He had an harmonious soul, for he was a good Musitian, having among other things composed two Anthems, which were usually sung in his Chappels. Touching his Vices, being of a replete sanguin Constitution, he had more matter for the heat of Concupiscence to work upon. Nor were his two Contemporaries, *Charles* the Emperour, and *Francis* of *France*, less peccant in this Kind: for they also had their *Amourettes*, their *Indebita vasa*, and divers natural Children. Having parted with *Queen Katharin* his first wife, and with his Cardinal, his *Sanguin* Humour came to be somewhat *sanguinary*, and inclining to *cruel*; yet he had the *Church*, the *Parlement*, and the *Judges* for what he did. He was too constant to himself when any thing entred into his head; which the world termed *Wilfulness*. He was more prodigal in *spending*, then covetous in *getting* money, by making himself an *Actor* in some things, which had been more for his advantage had he been onely a *Speculator*.

Touching the third, he was very knowing in the *Art of Government*, being cut out as it were for a King; for he kept all in an exact Obedience: and had his *Passions* been as subject to him as were his *People*, he had been the *rarest* of Kings. He also may be rank'd among

among the best *Law-makers*. He got divers glorious *Titles*, which his Progenitors never had: for he was the first *Defender of the Faith*, and promis'd to be stil'd *Christianissimus*. He was the first English *King of Ireland*. He was the first *Uniter of the ancient Britains and the English*. He was call'd by the Consistory of *Rome*, *Liberator Orbis*, when the Pope was freed. *Francis* the first acknowledged him, under God, to be the chiefest *Deliverer* of him and his Children from *Spain*. He was stil'd *Protector* of the famous *Clementine League*; and offered to be *Patron* of the *Lutherans*. Nor did he know what it was to be *beaten* all his Life. He had an *Emperour* to serve him in the Wars, and he was counted the common *Umpire of Christendome*. In fine, *England* may be said to have had little or no *Commerce* abroad in point of *Matters of State*, till the Reign of this *King*.

C

OR

T

O F  
T R A N S L A T I O N S,  
Upon rendering into English a choice Venetian Ro-  
mance, called,

E R O M E N A,

*By Mr. James Howard.*

*on Translation.* **S**ome hold *Translations* not unlike to be  
The wrong-side of a *Turky Tapistry*,  
Or *Wines* drawn off the *Lees*, which fill'd in *flask*  
Loose somewhat of the taste they had in *Cask*.

Tis tru, each *Language* hath an *Idiome*,  
Which in *another couch'd* comes not so *home*.  
Yet I ne're saw a piece from *Venice* come  
Had fewer *Thrumms* set on our *Country Lome*.  
This *Wine* is still *one-ear'd*, and brisk, though put  
Out of *Italian Cask*, in *English Butt*.

*Anether.*

**F**air *Eromena* in *Italian* tire  
I view'd, and lik'd her fashion wondrous well:  
But in this *English* habit I admire  
That still in *Her* the same good *Grace* doth dwell.  
So have I seen *Trans-Alpin Cions* grow,  
And bear rare *fruit*, remov'd to *Thames* from *Pa-*  
*The*

*The Dedication*

To Great Britain, of that Voluminous Work,  
Lexicon Tetraglotton :

O R,

*An English - French - Italian - Spanish*

D I C T I O N A R Y.

R Enowned *Albion*, Natures choice delight,  
Neptunes chief care, and *Arsenal* of might; on *Albion*  
Who in thy *Watry Orb* dost sparkling lie,  
As *Cynthia* shines in the Cærulean Skie:  
Or, as a *Tortoise* in her Circling Shell,  
Dost live secure within thy *Rocky Cell*  
*A World within thy self*, fit to defend  
Thine own, and fit no further to extend.  
Yet with thy winged *Coursers* dost give Law  
Unto the Ocean, and his Surges aw.  
The *Baltick Waves*, and *Hyperborean*, •  
The vast *Atlantik*, *Euxin*, *Indian*;  
The *Adriatik*, *Tyrrhen*, *Hellespont*,  
The *White*, the *Black*, the *Red*, all Seas are wont  
To do thee homage, and rich tributes bring  
Unto thy *Thames* by way of *Offering*:

C 2

VWhich

Which makes *Civilians* hold, That thy *Sea-bound*,  
 Reach to the *Shores* of all thy *Neighbours* round,

To Thee, *Triumphant Isle*, I do address  
 This Work of *Oyl* and *Toyl*: be *Patroness*  
 Of thy own *Tongue*, which here twixt *Columns*  
 Throughout a massy *Fabrick* all along (strong,  
 Goes in the *Van* of *Europes nobleſt Toungs*,  
 Though they want somewhat of her *Nerves* and  
*Lungs*.

*Of the Original of the English Toung,*  
*And her Association*  
*With the Italian, Spanish, and French, &c.*

**F**rance, Italy and Spain, ye Sisters Three,  
 Whose *Toungs* are branches of the *Latian Tree*;  
 To perfect your odd number be not shy  
 To take a *Fourth* to your Society.  
 The high *Teutonik Dialect*, which bold  
*Hengiftus* with his *Saxons* brought of old  
 Among the *Britains*, when by *Knife* and *Sword*,  
 Of *England* he did first create the *VVord*.

Nor is 't a small advantage to admit  
 So *Male* a *Speech* to mix with *You*, and *knit* :  
 Who by her *Conſonants* and tougher strains,  
 VVill bring more *Arteries* twixt your soft *Vains* :

For

For of all Toungs, *Dutcb* hath most Nerves and  
Bones,

Except the *Pole*, who hurls his VVords like Stones.

Some fain, that when our Protoplastick Sire  
Lost Paradis by a just kindled ire,  
He in *Italian* tempted was, in *French*  
He fell a *begging* Pardon, but from thence  
He was thrust out in the high *Tenton* Toung  
VVhence *English*, though much *polish'd* since, is  
sprung.

This Book is then an *inlay'd* Piece of Art;  
*English* the *Knots* which strengthen ev'ry part.  
Four Languages are here together fix'd:  
Our *Lemsters* *Ore* with *Naples* *Silk* is mix'd.  
The *Loire*, the *Po*, the *Thames*, and *Tagus* glide  
All in one Bed, and kiss each others side.  
The *Alps* and *Pyrenean* Mountains meet:  
The *Rose* and *Fourdeluce* hang in one street.  
Nay, *Spain* & \* *Redcap* *France* a League here strike.  
If twixt their *Kings* and *Crowns* there were the like,  
Poor *Europe* should not *bleed* so fast, and call  
*Turbans* at last unto her Funeral.

\* 1657.

Before a great Volume of  
**P R O V E R B S,**  
*In Five Languages.*

*on Proverbs.* **T**He *Peoples Voice*, the *Voice of God* we call ;  
 And what are *Proverbs* but the *Peoples Voice* ?  
**C**oynd first, and current made by *common choice* :  
 Then sure they must have weight and truth withal.  
**T**hey are a *Publick Heritage*, entail'd  
 On ev'ry Nation, or like *Hirelomes nail'd*,  
 VVhich pass from *Sire* to *Son*, and so from *Son*  
 Down to the *Grandchild* till the world be done.  
 , They are *Free-denizons* by long descent,  
 VVithout the *Grace of Prince or Parlement* :  
 The truest *Commoners*, and *inmate Guests* ;  
 We fetch them from the *Nurse* and *Mothers breasts* :  
 They can *Prescription* plead 'gainst *King or Crown*,  
 And need no *Affidavit* but their own.  
 We thought it then well worth the pains and cost  
 To muster up these *Ancients* in one Host :  
 Which herelike *furbish'd Medals* we present  
 To all that breathe in *Christendom* and *Kent*.

Of the strange vertu of VVords,  
 Before  
 The Great NOMENCLATURA;  
 Wherin are the proper Terms in four Languages be-  
 longing to Arts  
 Mechanical and Liberal:  
 Which Poem consists of above Sixty Sentences.

W<sup>o</sup>rds are the Souls Ambassadors, who go on W<sup>o</sup>rds  
 Abroad upon her Arrands to and fro.  
 They are the sole Expounders of the mind,  
 And correspondence keep 'twixt all mankind.  
 They are those Airy Keys that ope (and *wrest*  
 Sometimes) the Locks and Hinges of the Breast.  
 By *Them* the Heart makes Sallies: VVit and Sence  
 Belong to *Them*: They are the Quintessence  
 Of those Ideas which the Thoughts distil,  
 And so calcine and melt again, until  
 They drop forth into *Accents* in whom lies  
 The Salt of Fancy, and all Faculties.

The World was fram'd by the Eternal *Word*,  
 VVho to each Creature did a name afford;  
 And such an Union made 'twixt *Words* and *Things*,  
 That ev'ry *Name* a *Nature* with it brings.

Words do involve the greatest mysteries :  
 By Them the Jew into his Cabal pries.  
 The Chymik says, In Stones, in Herbs, in Words,  
 Nature for ev'ry thing a cure affords.  
 Nay, some have found the Glorious Stars to be  
 But Letters set in an Orthography  
 The Fate of Kings and Empires to foretel,  
 VVith all things els below, could we them spell.

That gran distinction between *Man* and *Brute* ,  
 VVe may to *Language* chiefly attribute.  
 The Lyon *roars*, the Elephant doth *bray* ;  
 The Bull doth *bellow*, and the Horse doth *neigh* :  
 Man *speaks* : 'Tis only man can *Words* create,  
 And cut the Air to sounds *articulate*  
 By Natures special Charter. Nay, *Speech* can  
 Make a shrewd discrepancy 'twixt *Man* and *Man*.  
 It doth the *Gentleman* from *Clown* discover ;  
 And from a *Fool* the grave *Philosopher* :  
 As *Solon* said to one in Judgement weak,  
 I thought thee wise until I heard thee speak.  
 For *Words* in man bear the most Critick part :  
 VVe speak by *Nature*, but speak well by *Art*.  
 And as good *Bells* we judge of by the sound,  
 So a *Wise* man by *Words* well plac'd is found.  
 Therefore it may be call'd no vain pretence,  
 VVhen 'mong the rest the *Young* would be a  
*Senee*.

The

The Toung's the *Rudder* which *mans* fancy guidess  
VVhilst on this worlds tempestuous *Seas* he rides.

*Words* are the Life of Knowledge ; They set free,  
And bring forth *Truth* by way of Midwifry :  
The activ'st Cretures of the teeming Brain ;  
The Judges who the *inward* man arraign :  
*Reasons* chief Engin and Artillery  
To batter Error, and make *Falshood* fly :  
The Canons of the minde, who sometimes bounce  
Nothing but VVar, then Peace again pronounce.  
The *Rabbins* say, Such is the strength of VWords,  
That they make deeper VVounds then Spears or  
Swords.

This Book may then be call'd a Magazine  
Of *Arms* and *Words* : It keeps, and doth combine  
Four *Toungs* : 'tis like a Frame on divers VVheels ;  
One follows still the other at the heels.

The smooth *Italian*, and the nimble *Frank*,  
The long-lung'd *Spanish* march all in a rank :  
The *English* heads them, so commands the Van ;  
And reson good in *this* Meridian.

But *Spain* brings up the Rear, because we know  
Her Counsels are so *long*, and Pace so slow.

*Upon the great Drammatical Work of B. and  
Fletcher, publifh'd 1646.*

**W**Hat? Now the Stage is down, dar'st thou appear,  
Bold Fletcher, on this tott'ring Hemispear?

Yes; Poets are like *Palms*, which the more weight  
One casts upon them, grow more strong & st freight.  
'Tis not *Joves Thunderbolt*, or *Mavors Spear*,  
Nor roaring *Neptunes Trident* Poets fear.  
Had now Grim *Een* been breathing, with what rage,  
And high-swoln fury had he lash'd this Age?  
*Shakespear* with *Chapman* had grown mad, and torn  
The gentle *Soc*, and *lofty Buskins* worn  
To make their *Muse* welter up to the Chin  
In *blood*: *Offained Scæns* no need had bin  
*England*, like *Lucians Eagle*, with an Arrow  
Of her own *Plumes* piercing her heart quite thorow,  
Had been the *Tragic Scæne*, and subject fit  
To exercise in *real Truths* their wit.

Yet, none like *high-wing'd Fletcher* had bin found  
This *Eagles* dismal Destiny to sound:  
Rare *Fletchers Quill* had soar'd up to the Sky,  
And drawn down *Gods* to see the Tragedy.

Live,

Live, famous Drammatist, let evry Spring  
 Make thy Bay flourish, and fresh Bourgeons bring:  
 And since we cannot have Thee tread the Stage,  
 VVe will applaud Thee in thy silent Page.

---

*To his late Majesty, at the Dedication unto Him of*

**DODONAS GROVE,**

OR

*The VOCAL FOREST:*

*Wherin there were many Prophetical Passages.*

IN times of yore, when Earth was yet but Clods, <sup>on</sup> Trees for their Gardians had no less then Gods: <sup>Tree</sup> Jove did protect the Oke, Bacchus the Vine; <sup>preside</sup> <sup>o'er by the God,</sup> Minerva said, The Olive shall be mine: Venus the Myrtle for her Minion took; Apollo would the Laurel overlook.

My Trees need no such Patrons; one mild glance  
 Of Cæsars eye, will best their Buds advance.

---

*To her Majesty, now Queen-mother.*

**B**ourgeon du Gran Bourbon, qui soubs ses doux  
 rameaux  
 Maintint la France en Paix apres tant de travaux  
Vinc

Vint Ans entiers , ayant en bonne guerre  
 Les Princes Brouillons mis quatre fois en terre ,  
 J' ay venu souventes fois son Nom luyant en Marbre ;  
 Mais non pas engravé jusqu' à present en Arbre ,  
 Parmi ces Bois icy l' on trouvera (peut estre )  
 Madame , Votre Nom \* taillé en grosse Lettre .  
 \* Arhetine (Virtuosa) Anagr. of Henrieta.

To Prince Charles, (now King.)

TO correspond now with the Verdant \* Spring ,  
 And your Green yeers, the Top-branch of a King ;  
 A Bud shot from the Rose and Flower-de-Luce ,  
 The best of stems Earth yet did e'er produce ;  
 VVhat Present can I bring that more agrees  
 Both with the season, and your yeers, then Trees ?  
 They soon will cast their leafs, and Autumn find ,  
 But may You shed nor leafs, nor blooms, nor rind ,  
 Till muff'd with hoary Moss, you do behold  
 Fair Cions from your self grow tall and old.

\* Maii 2.

Before

## Before the VOCAL FOREST,

To the knowing Reader,  
Touching the Progress of Learning.

**S**cience in India first her beams display'd,  
And with the Rising Sun her self convay'd  
Through Chaldee into Egypt ; then she came  
Among the Greeks, and so to Tyber Swam :  
Whence clammering ore the Alps, these North-  
west parts  
She civiliz'd, and introduc'd the Arts.

In Albions woolly Isle, she welcom found,  
Which for her Bards and Druids grew Renown'd  
So call'd, because they commonly did use  
On God and Natures works 'mongst Trees to Muse,  
And fix their Speculations ; for in Rind  
Of Trees was *Learning* swaddled first, I find.  
Th' Egyptian Priests, and Brackmans us'd of old  
Their fancies in dark Characters to fold.  
The Greeks and Latines us'd to Poetize  
By Emblems, Fictions, and Mythologies :  
For it was held a pleasing piece of Art,  
Things Real under Shadows to impart.

Then be not rash in censure, if I strive  
An ancient way of Fancy to revive ;

While

Learning  
or  
Science

While *Druy'd*-like conversing thus with Trees,  
Under their bloomy shade I *Historize*.

*Trees.* Trees were ordain'd for shadow, and I find  
Their Leaf's were the first vestment of Mankind.

---

To the Common Reader.

*Opinion.* **O**pinion is that high and mighty Dame  
Which rules the World, and in the *Mind*  
doth frame  
*Distast* or *liking* : for in Humane Race,  
She makes the *Fancy* various as the *Face*.  
Sometimes the Father differs from the Son,  
As doth the *Gospel* from the *Alcharon*,  
Or *Loyola* from *Calvin*, which two brands,  
In strange Combustions hurl fair *Europes* Lands.  
So that amongst such Atomes of Mankind,  
You scarce can two encounter of one mind.

This makes my *Trees* all *Aspen*, 'cause they must  
Lie ope to ev'ry *Wind*, and vulgar *Gulf* :  
Yet, much they fear not any *Criticks* knocks,  
Unless they chance to stumble 'mong the *blocks*.

— — *Ex quovis Stipite non fit*  
*Mercurius.*

## To the Critical Reader.

IF Satyres here you find, think it not strange ;  
 'Tis proper Satyres in the Woods should range :  
 And for free Speech, why may not Verse or Prose  
 Sit under Trees as safely as the Rose ?  
 Yet here is nothing, though a *Grand Inquest*  
 You should Empannel, but may bide the Test :  
 For *Petty Juries*, let the Reader know,  
 Composures of *this kind* stoop not so low.

Touching the Vertu and Use  
 Of  
 Familiar Letters.

Love is the life of Friendship ; Letters are  
 The life of Love, the Load-stones that by rare  
 Attraction make souls meet, and melt, and mix,  
 As when by Fire exalted Gold we fix.

They are those wing'd Postillions that can fly. *Familiar Letters.*  
 From the Antarctic to the Artic Sky :  
 The Heralds and swift Harbengers that move  
 From East to West on Embassies of Love.  
 They can the *Tropiks* cut, and cross the *Line*,  
 And swim from Ganges to the Rhone or Rhine :

From

From Thames to Tagus ; thence to Tyber run,  
And terminat their journey with the Sun.

They can the Cabinets of Kings <sup>review</sup> unscreu,  
And hardest intricacies of State unclue.  
They can the *Tartar* tell what the *Mogor*,  
Or the Great *Turk*, doth on the Afian shore.  
The *Knez* of them may know, what *Prester John*  
Doth with his Camels in the torrid Zone :  
Which made the Indian *Inca* think, They were  
*Spirits* who in white sheets the Air did tear.

The lucky *Goose* sav'd *Jove*'s beleagred Hill  
Once by her noise, but oftner by her *Quill*.  
It twice prevented *Rome* was not ore-run  
By the tough *Vandal*, and the rough-hewn *Hum*.

Letters can Plots though moulded under ground  
Disclose, and their fell Complices confound :  
Witness that *Fiery Pile* which would have blown  
Up to the Clouds, Prince, People, Peers, and Town,  
Tribunals, Church and Chappel, and had dride  
The *Thames*, though swelling in her highest pride ;  
And parboyl'd the poor Fish, which from her Sands  
Had been toss'd up to the adjoyning Lands.  
Lawyers as *Vultures* had soar'd up and down ;  
Prelates like *Mag-pies* in the Air had flown,  
Had not the *Eagles Letter* brought to light  
That Subterranean horrid work of Night.

Credential

Credential Letters States and Kingdomes tie,  
 And Monarchs knit in Ligues of Amitie ;  
 They are those Golden Links that do enchain  
 Whole Nations, though disinded by the Main :  
 They are the Soul of *Trade* ; They make Commerce  
 Expand it self throughout the Universe.

Letters may more then *History* inclose,  
 The choicest Learning both in Verse and Prose :  
 They Knowldg can unto our souls display  
 By a more gentle and familiar way.  
 The highest points of *State and Policy*,  
 The most severe parts of *Philosophy*,  
 May be their subiect, and their Themes enrich  
 As well as *privat businesse*, in which  
 Friends use to correspond, and Kindred greet,  
 Merchants Negotiat, the whole world meet.

In *Seneca*'s rich Letters is inshrin'd  
 What ere the ancient Sages left behind :  
*Tully* makes *His* the secret symptomes tell  
 Of those Distempers which proud *Rome* befel,  
 When in her highest flourish she would make  
 Her *Tyber* of the *Ocean* homage take.  
 Great *Antonin* the Emperour did gain  
 More Glory by his Letters then his Raign,  
 His Pen out-lasts his Pike ; each Golden Line  
 In his *Epistles* doth his name inshrine.

*Aurelius* by his *Letters* did the same,  
And *they* in chief immortallize his fame.

*Words* vanish soon, and vapour into Air,  
While *Letters* on Record stand fresh and fair,  
And tell our *Nephews* who to us were dear,  
Who our choice Friends, who our Familiars were.

The bashful Lover when his stammering Lips  
Falter, and fear some unadvised slips,  
May boldly court his Mistress with the *Quill*,  
And his hot passions to her brest instil:

The *Pen* can furrow a fond *Females* heart,  
And pierce it more then *Cupids* feigned Dart.

*Letters* a kind of Magic Vertu have,  
And like strong *Philtres* Human Souls inslave.

*Speech* is the *Index*, *Letters* *Idea's* are  
Of the informing Soul: they can declare,  
And shew the *inward* man, as we behold  
A face reflecting in a Chrystral mould.

They serve the Dead and Living; they become  
*Attorneys* and *Administrators*. In sum:

*Letters* like Gordian Knots do Nations tie,  
Else all commerce and love 'twixt men would  
die.

## To the Sagacious Reader.

**U** *T clavis portam, sic pandit Epistola pecūnias;*  
*Clanditnr Hac Cerā, clanditnr illa serā.*

As Keys do open Chests,  
 So Letters open Brefts.

*Upon a Rare and Recent Persian*

**T R A G Y - H I S T O R Y.**  
 1655.

**T**His is an Age of Wonders; ev'ry Clime  
 Abounds with Prodigies: there is no Crime,  
 Not a notorious Villany or Fact,  
 No foul infamous Thing, or ugly Act,  
 That ever Adams Sons did perpetrate,  
 But we have flagrant instances of late.

For Sacrilege, and horrid Blasphemy,  
 Base Lyes, created Fears and Perjury;  
 For Scripture-pride, Extortion, Avarice,  
 (The root of all our ills, and leading vice)  
 For Public Frauds, False Lights, and Fatuous Fires,  
 Fanatic Fancies clad in Faiths attire;  
 For Politicians, if one could rake Hell,  
 He hardly there could find their parallel.

D 2

Did

Did *Machiavil*, or *Methro* live agen,  
They would be counted Saints match'd with these  
men :

For *Murther*, and the crying sin of Blood,  
The like, but one, was never since the Flood.

In some, we may for these, and thousands more,  
Vie Villanies with any Age before.

Nor is it *Europe* onely that doth breed  
Such Monsters, but the Asian Regions feed  
As bad ; witness this *Perſian* Tragedy,  
Compil'd with so much Art and Energy :  
As if the Soul of *Ben*, of *Pond'rous Ben*,  
Did move in you, and guide both Brain and Pen :  
You make the Actors with such passion speak,  
As if the very Lines with Blood did reak.

Go on, brave Spark, improve thy Talent still,  
And gain more ground on the *Pierian* Hill.

*An Elegie upon EDWARD late Earl of  
Dorset, 1651.*

*Who died about the time of voting down the House  
of P E E R S.*

**L**ords have been long declining, (we well know)  
And making their last Testaments: but now  
They are *Defunct*, They are extinguish'd All,  
And never like to rise by this *Lords fall*.

A Lord whose Intellectuals alone  
Might make a House of Peers, and prop a Throne,  
Had not so dire a Fate hung ore the Crown,  
That *Priviledge, Prerogative* shold drown.

Where ere he sat he sway'd, and *Courts* did awe,  
Gave *Bishops* Gospel, and the *Judges* Law  
With such exalted Reasons which did flow  
So clear and strong, that made *Astrea* bow  
To his Opinion: for where He did side,  
Advantag'd more then half the *Bench* beside.

But is great *Sackville* dead? Do we him lack?  
And will not all the Elements wear *Black*?  
Whereof he was compos'd a *perfect Man*,  
As ever *Nature* in one frame did span.

D 3

Such.

Such High-born thoughts, a Soul so large and free,  
 So clear a Judgement, and vast Memory ;  
 So princely Hospitable, and brave mind,  
 We must not think in haste on earth to find,  
 Unless the Times wold turn to Gold agen,  
 And Nature get new strength in forming men.

His Person with it such a state did bring,  
 That made a Court as if he had been King.

No wonder, since He was so near a kin

To Norfolks Duke, and the great Maiden Queen,

He courage had enough by conquering One,

To have confounded that whole Nation :

Those parts which single do in some appear,

Were all concentrated here in one bright Sphear :

For Brain, Tong, Spirit, Heart, and Personage,

To mould up such a Lord will ask an Age.

But how durst pale white-liverd Death seize on  
 So dauntless and heroick a Champion ?

Yes, To die once is that uncancelld Debt  
 Whicb Nature claims, and raiseb by Escher  
 On all Mankind by an old Statute past  
 Primo Adami, which will always last  
 Without Repeal ; Nor can a second Lease  
 Be had of life, when the first term doth cease.

Mount, Noble Soul ; among the Stars take place,  
 And make a new One of so bright a Race

May *Jove* out-shine, that *Venus* still may be  
 In a *benign Conjunction* with Thee,  
 To check that *Planet* which on *Lords* hath lowr'd,  
 And such *malign Influxes* lately pour'd.  
 Be now a *Star* thy self for *those* which here  
 Did on thy *Crest* and upper *Robe* appear:  
 For thy Director take the *Star* we read,  
 Which to thy Saviours Birth three Kings did lead.

*A Corollary.*

**T**Hus have I blubber'd out some Tears and Verse  
 On this Renowned *Heroe* and his *Herse*:  
 And could my Eyes have dropt down *Perls* upon't  
 In lieu of Tears, God knows I would have don't:  
 But *Tears* are real, *Pearls* for their *Emblems* go,  
 The *first* are fitter to express my *Wo*.  
 Let this small *Mite* suffice, until I may  
 A *larger* tribut to his *Ashes* pay:  
 In the mean time this *Epitaph* shall shut,  
 And to my *Elegy* a period put.

**H**ere lies a Grandee, by Birth, Parts, and Mind,  
 Who hardly left his Parallel behind:  
 Here lies the Man of Men, who should have been  
 A King, An Emperour, bad Fortune seen.

Totus in Lachrymas solutus  
 sic singultivit, *J. H.*

*An*  
**E P I T H A L A M I U M**  
*Upon the Nuptials of that Princely Pair, Henry*  
*Lo. Marquiss of Dorchester,*

*And the Lady Katherine, Daughter to the late He-  
 roik Earl of Darby :*

*In a Dialog  
 Twixt Philemon and Sylvius.*

*Philemon.*

*W*hat Object's that which I behold  
*a Bride* Dazzling my Eyes with Gems and Gold ?  
 Her Face, me thinks, darts such a Ray  
 That adds more brightnes to the Day :  
 Her Breath perfumes the place, Her Curls and Hair  
 Like Indian Spice Aromatize the Air,  
 A sparkling White and Black breaks from her sight  
 Like to the Diamonds redoubling light ;  
 As she doth walk the very ground and stome,  
 Turn to Field-*Argent* which she treads upon.

A Mortal sure she cannot be,  
 But some transcending Deity.

My dearest *Sylvius*, pray unfold  
 Who's that rare Creature I behold ?

*Sylvius.*

*Sylvius.*

She is a Princess and a Bride  
Goes to the Temple to be tida

In Nuptial Bonds ; Her Stars will not permit  
That at the Vestal fires she longer sit.

She's Derby's Royal Blood, *Derby le Gran*,  
And now she travels to the *Ile of Man*.

She of the Princely *Ornge* is a Branch,  
Imp'd on the high *Trimouillan* stem of *France*,  
Two of the fairest Kingdoms strove, and tride  
Their utmost to compleat this lovely Bride.

'Tis *She* which makes 'twixt Gems and Gold  
That Constellation you behold.

*Philemon.*

But who's that comely *Sanguin* Peer  
Which on her heart-side walks so neer ?  
He likewise makes all *Argent* as he goes :  
Look at his feet how thick the *Cingfoyl* grows.

*Sylvius.*

'Tis wise and wealthy *Pierpoint*, who renowns  
With *Titles* three of *Englands* chiefest Towns :  
A precious *Pond'rous* Lord, whose sole Estate  
A *Jury* of new *Barons* might create,

Patron

Patron of Vertu, Chivalry and Arts,  
Canſe he himſelf excels in all these parts.

’Tis he who by the hand doth hold  
That Demi-Goddes you behold.

*Philemon.*

Is’t ſo? then my *Autumnal* Muse ſhall ſing  
An *Hymenæum*, and fetch back her *Spring*.  
This ſubject a fresh vigor doth inspire,  
And heats my brain with an unusual fire.

*An*

*H Y M E N Æ U M,*

*Or*

*Bridal-Sonet:*

Confiſting of four Stanzas, and to be ſung by three  
Voices, according to a choice Air ſet therupon,

By Mr. Will. Webb.

*1 Chorus.*

*nuptial  
wishes.* **M**ay all felicity betide  
This Princeley Bridegroom and his Bride.  
May thofe Delights this Morn ſhall bring  
Be endleſs, as their Nuptial Ring.

May

May they be constant, and exceed  
 Each others Wishes, Hopes and Creed.  
 May the three Regions of the Air  
 Pour shoures of Blessings on this Pair,  
 May *Sol* and *Cynthia* with their Rays  
 Silver their Nights, and Gild their Days,

2 *Chorus.*

All Joys attend, and best of Fate,  
 This Noble Marquis and His Mate.

*An HYMENÆUM.*

2 *Stanza.*

YE gentle Nymphs of *Trent* and *Dee*  
 Make haste to this solemnity :  
 Your streams and beds now meet in one  
 By this High-sprung Conjunction.  
 Ye Wood-Nymphs who green Garlands wear  
 In *Shirewood* Launds and *Delamer* ;  
 Ye Dames of *Helicon* attend,  
 And *Graces* your sweet presence lend ;  
*Lucina* come, and pray there be  
 Employment in due time for thee.

*Chorus.*

*Chorus.*

May all Felicity betide  
 This Noble Bridegroom and his Bride.

*An HYME NÆ UM.*

## 3 Stanza.

**M**ay they such gallant Males produce,  
 Both to the *Rose* and *Flowerdeluce*;  
 That *Englands Chivalry* and *French*  
 May multiply, and bourgeon hence:  
 Whose Branches shooting ore the Main,  
 May knit and blossome here again,  
 That *Pierrpoints Lyon* and *Cinqfoyl*,  
 May ramp and root in every Soyl:  
 Nor may their Noble Race wear out  
 Till *Plato's* great year wheel about.

*Chorus.*

May all Felicity betide  
 This Noble Bridegroom and his Bride.

*An HYMENÆUM.**4 Stanzas,**Closing with a serious Gradual Verse.*

**M**ay all the *Elements* conspire  
 To make them bless'd in their desire.  
 May all the *Stars* on them reflect  
 Their mildest looks in *Trine Aspect*.  
 May all the *Angels* them defend  
 From evry thing doth ill portend.  
 May *Angels, Stars, and Elements*,  
 Afford them such compleat contents,  
 That they have nothing els to wish  
 But a *Perseverance* of *Bliss*.

*Chorus.*

All Joys attend, and best of Fate,  
 This Noble Marquess, and his Mate.

*A Poem Heroique,**Presented to his late Majesty for a New-years-Gift.*

The Worlds All-lightning *Ey* had now begun  
 Through watry *Capricorn* his course to run :  
 Old *Janus* hastned on, his Temples bound  
 With *Ivy*, his gray hairs with *Holly* crown'd,  
 When in a serious quest my Thoughts did muse  
 What Gift, as best becoming, I should chuse  
 To *Britains* Monarch (my dread Soveraign) bring,  
 Which might supply a *New-years* Offering ;  
 I rummag'd all my stores, search'd all my Cells,  
 Where nouglt appear'd, God wot, but *Bagatels* :  
 No far-fetch'd Indian *Gem* cut out of Rock,  
 Or fish'd in shells were trusted under lock :  
 No piece which *Angelo*'s strong fancy hit,  
 Or *Titians* Pensil, or rare *Hylliards* Wit :  
 No *Ermins*, or black *Sables*, no such skins  
 As the grim *Tartar* hunts, or takes in gins ;  
 No *Medals*, or rich stuff of *Tyrian* Dy ;  
 No costly *Bowls* of frosted Argentry :  
 No curious *Land-skip*, or some *Marble* Piece  
 Digg'd up in *Delphos*, or els-where in *Greece*.  
 No *Roman* Perfumes, Buffs or Cordovans  
 Suppled with Amber by *Moreno*'s hands :

No *Arras* or rich *Carpets* freighted ore  
 The Surging Seas from *Asia*'s doubtful shore.  
 No *Lyons Cub*, or Beast of strange Aspect,  
 Which in *Numidia*'s fiery Womb had slept.  
 No old *Toledo Blades*, or *Damaskins* ;  
 No *Pistols*, or some rare-spring'd *Carrabins*.  
 No *Spanish Ginet*, or choice Stallion sent  
 From *Naples*, or hot *Africs* Continent.

In fine, I nothing found I could descry  
 Worthy the hands of *Cesar* or his Ey.

My Wits were at a stand, when lo, my *Muse*  
 (None of the *Quire*, but such as they do use  
 For *Laundresses* or *Handmaids* of mean rank,  
 I knew sometimes on *Po* and *Isis* Bank)  
 Did softly Buz, ——

*Muse.*

— Then let *Me* something bring  
 May hanSEL the New-year to *Charles* my King,  
 May usher in *bifronted Janus*.

*Poet.*

Thou fond fool-hardy *Muse*, thou silly thing  
 Which 'mongst the Shrubs & Reeds dost use to sing,  
 Dar'lt thou perk up, and the tall Cedar clime,  
 And venture on a King with gingling Rime ?

Though

Though all thy Words wer Perls, and Letters Gold,  
 And cut in Rubies, or cast in a mould  
 Of Diamonds, yet still thy *Lines* would be  
 Too mean a Gift for such a Majesty.

*Muse.*

I'le try, and hope to pass without disdain,  
 In New-years-Gifts the *Mind* stands for the *Main*:  
 The Sophy, finding twas *well meant*, did daign  
 Few drops of *running-water* from a *Swain*.  
 Then sure, 'twil please my *Leige* if I him bring  
 Some gentle drops from the *Castalian Spring*:  
 Though Rarities I want of such account,  
 Yet have I something on the *Forked mount*.  
 'Tis not the first, or third access I made  
 To *Cæsars* feet, and thence departed glad:  
 For as the *Sun* with his male heat doth render  
*Nile's* muddy slime fruitful, and apt t' engender,  
 And daily to produce new kind of *Cretures*  
 Of various shapes, and thousand differing features:  
 So is my fancie quickned by the glance  
 Of his benign aspect and countenance,  
 It makes me pregnant, and to superfæte;  
 Such is the vigour of his beams and heat.

Once in a *Vocal Forrest* I did sing,  
 And made the *Oak* to stand for *Charles* my King

The

The best of Trees, whereof (it is no vant)  
 The greatest Schools of *Europe* sing and chant.  
 There you shall also finde Dame *ARETINE*,  
 Great *Henries* Daughter, and great *Britains* Queen;  
 Her Name engraven in a *Lawrel* Tree,  
 And so transmitted to Eternity ;  
 For now I hear *That Grove* speaks besides *Mine*,  
 The Language of the *Loire*, the *Po*, and *Rhine* ;  
 And to my *Prince* (my sweet *Black Prince*) of late  
 I did a youthful subiect dedicate :  
 Nor do I doubt but that in time my *Trees*  
 Will yeild me fruit to pay *Apollo's* Fees,  
 To offer up whole Hecatombs of praise  
 To *Cesar*, if on them he cast his raiers :  
 And if my Lamp have Oyl, I may compile  
 The Modern Annals of great *Albions* Isle,  
 To vindicate the truth of *Charles* his Raign  
 From scribbling *Pamphletors*, who story stain  
 With loose imperfect passages, and thrust  
 Lame things upon the world, t'ane up in trust.

I have had audience (in another strain)  
 Of *Europes* greatest Kings, when *German Main*,  
 And the *Cantabrian* waves I crois'd, I drank  
 Of *Tagus*, *Seine*, and sate at *Tibers* bank :  
 Through *Scylla* and *Carybdis* I have steer'd,  
 Where restless *Ætna* belching flames appeir'd.

E

By

By *Greece*, once *Pallas Garden*, then I past,  
Now all ore-spread with Ignorance and Want :  
Nor hath fair *Europe* her vast bounds throughout,  
An *Academie* of Note I found not out.

But now, I hope, in a successful prore,  
The Fates have fix'd me on sweet *Englands* shore ;  
And by these various wandrings tru I found,  
*Earth* is our common *Mother*, evry ground  
May be ones Country, for by birth each man  
Is in this world a *Cosmopolitan*,  
A free-born Burgess, and receivs thereby  
His Denization from Nativity.

Nor is this Lower World but a huge Inn,  
And *men* the rambling passengers, wherein  
Some, warm Lodgings find, and that as soon  
As out of *Natures* Cloffets they see Noon,  
And find the Table ready laid ; but some  
Must for their Commons trot, and trudge for room  
With easie pace some clime *Promotions Hill* ;  
Some in the *Dile*, do what they can, stick still :  
Some through false Glasses *Fortune* smiling spy,  
Who still keeps off, though she appears hard by :  
Some like the *Qstrich* with their wings do flutter,  
But cannot fly or soar above the Gutter :  
Some quickly fetch, and double *Good-Hopes Capt* ;  
Some here can do't, though the same course they  
v. *Thape* :

So that poor Mortals are so many Balls  
Toss'd some ore Line, some *under* Fortunes walls.

And it is Heavens high plesure *Man* should ly  
Obnoxious to this partiality ,  
That by industrious ways he should contend  
Natures short pittance to improve and mend.

Now *Induſtry* nere fail'd at laſt t' advance  
Her patient *Sons* above the reach of *Chance*.

*Poet.*

But whither rov'st thou thus —— ?  
Well, since I see thou art so strongly bent,  
And of a Gracious Look so confident ;  
Go, And throw down thy ſelf at *Cæſars* feet,  
And in thy best attire thy Sovereign greet :  
Go, an auspicious and moſt bliſſful year  
Wish him, as ere ſhin'd ore this Hemisphear ;  
Good may the *Entrance*, better the *Middle* be,  
And the *Conclusion* beſt of all the three.  
Of *Joy* ungrudg'd may each day be a debter,  
And evry Morn ſtill usher in a better ;  
May the ſoft-gliding *Nones*, and evry *Ide*,  
With all the *Calends*, ſtill ſome good betide ;  
May *Cynthia* with kind looks, and *Phæbus* rays  
One *clear* his Niglits, the other *gild* his Days :  
Free Limbs, unphyſik'd Health, due Appetite,  
Which no Sawce els but *Hunger* may excite :

Sound Sleeps, green Dreams be *His*, which represent  
 Symptomes of Health, and the next days content:  
 Chearful and vacant thoughts, not always bound  
 To Councel, or in deep Idea's drown'd:  
 (Though such late traverses and tumults might  
 Turn to a lump of care, the Airst wight.)  
 And since while fragile flesh doth us array,  
 The *Humours* still are combating for sway  
 (Which, were they free of this Reluctancie,  
 And counter-pois'd, Man wold *immortal* be.)  
 May *Sanguin* ore the rest predominate  
 In *Him*, and their malignant flux abate.

May his great *Queen*, in whose imperious Ey  
 Reigns such a world of winning Majestie  
 Like the rich Olive, or *Falernian* Vine,  
 Swell with more Gems of *Cions* Masculine;  
 And as her *Fruit* sprung from the *Rose and Luce*,  
 (The best of *Stems* Earth yet did ere produce)  
 Is ti'd already by a *Sanguin* Lace,  
 To all the Kings of *Europes* high-born Race;  
 So may they shott their youthful *Branches* ore  
 The Surging Seas, and graff with evry shore.

May home-commerce and Trade encrease from  
 That both the *Indies* meet within his barb, (far,  
 And bring in mounts of *Coin* his *Mints* to feed,  
 And Banquers (Trafics chief Supporters) breed,  
 Which

Which may enrich his Kingdoms, Court & Town,  
 And *ballast* still the Coffers of the Crown :  
 For Kingdoms are as Ships, the Prince his Chests  
 The Ballast, which if empty, when distract  
 With storms, their holds are lightly trimm'd, the  
 Keel

Can run no steady course, but toss and reel.

May his *Imperial Chamber* always ply  
 To his desires her wealth to multiply,  
 That she may prize his Royal Favours more  
 Then all the wares fetch'd from the great *Mogor*.  
 May the *grand Senate*, with the *Subjects* right,  
 Put in the counter-Scale the *Regal* might  
 The flowres o'th' Crown, that they may prop each  
 other,  
 And like the Grecians *Twin* live, love together :  
 For the chief glory of a peopple is  
 The power of their King, as Theirs is His.

May he be still *within himself* at home,  
 That no just Passion make the Reson roam :  
 Yet *Passions* have their turns to rouse the Soul,  
 And stir her flumb'ring spirits, not *controul*.  
 For as the Ocean beside Ebb and Flood  
 ( Which Natures greatest *Clerk* ne're under-  
 stood)

Is not for sail, if an impregnning wind  
 Fill not the flagging Canvas ; so a mind

Too calm, is not for Action, if desire  
 Heats not its self at *Passions* quickning fire :  
 For Nature is allow'd sometimes to muster  
 Her *Passions*, so they onely *blow*, not *bluster*.

May *Justice* still in her true Scales appear,  
 And *Honour* fix'd in no unworthy Sphear,  
 Unto whose Palace all access shold have  
 Through *Vertues* Temple, not through *Pluto's* Cave.

✓ May his tru subjects *hearts* be his chief Fort,  
 Their *Purse* his *Tresure*, and their *Love* his Port ;  
 Their Prayers as sweet Incence to draw down  
 Myriads of Bleſſings on his Queen and Crown.

Scotl. And now that his glad presence did affwage  
 That fearful Tempeſt in the *North* did rage :  
 May those Frog-vapours in the *Irish* Sky  
 Be scatter'd by the Beams of *Majesty*,  
 That the *Hybernian* *Lyre* give ſuch a ſound,  
 May on our Coaſts with joyful *Eccbo's* bound.

✓ And when this fatal *Planet* leaves to lowr,  
 Which too too long on *Monarchies* doth powr  
 His direſul influence, may *Peace* once more  
 Descend from *Heaven* on our tottering ſhore,  
 And ride in triumph both on Land and Main,  
 And with her Milk-white Steeds draw *CHARLES*  
 bis *Wain* :

That ſo for those *Saturnian* times of old,  
 An Age of *Perl* may come in lieu of *Gold*.

*Vertu* still guide his course ; and if there be  
A thing as *Fortune* Him accompany.

May no ill *Genius* haunt him, but by's fide  
The best *protecting-Angel* ever bide.

May *He* go on to vindicate the right  
Of Holy things, and make the Temple bright,  
To keep that *Faith*, that sacred *Truth* entire,  
Which he receiv'd from *Solomon* his Sire :  
And since we all must hence by th' Ir'n Decree  
Stamp'd in the Black Records of Destiny,  
Late may his Life, his Glory nere wear out,  
Till the great year of *Plato* wheel about.

Before  
*The History of*  
 N A P L E S,  
*Called,*  
 P A R T H E N O P E,  
*Or,*  
*The Virgin - City.*  
 Salve Parthenope, Decora Salve.

**P**artbenope, a City bright as Gold,  
 Or if the Earth could bear a richer Mold,  
 Is come to greet *Great Britain*, (Queen of Iles)  
 And to exchange some *Silks* for *Wool*: She smiles  
 To find that *Cloath* shold wear and feel so fine  
 As do her *Grograns*; she doth half repine  
 That *Lemsters* *Ore*, and *Spires* of fallow'd *Grass*  
 The *Leafs* of *Mulberries* should so surpass  
 Which so abound in Her, with evry thing  
 Which pleasure, wealth, or wonderment can bring,  
 That *Nature* seems to strive how she shold please  
*Herself*, or *Us* with rare varieties.

There

There her own Bawd to be she may be said,  
As if the Wanton with her self she plaid.

Let *England* then strow Rushes all the way  
To welcome in the fair *Parthenopay*:  
For I dare say, she never yet came ore  
In such a *Garb* to visit any shore.

*Of the most curious  
Gardens, Groves, Mounts, Arbours, &c.*

*Contriv'd, and lately made by  
The Lord Vicount Killmorry,  
At Dutton-Hall in Cheshire.*

*A Prosoopœia to Cheshire.*

**C**heshire, thou *Shire of Men*, of Mines & Mounts,  
Of Squires and Barons, Palatines and Counts,  
Of curious Groves and Arbours, Walks & Woods,  
*Prophetique* Trees and Castles, Founts and Floods,  
Of stately *Dee*, whereon in times of yore,  
*Four Kings* an English Monarch row'd ashore.

*Dee*

Dee who runs sporting through thy wanton Vales,  
 Descending proudly from high-crested *Wales*.  
 More Rarities thou hast, could they be told  
 Then once thy Roman *Legion* was of old ;  
 Which here I will not venture to inclose,  
 Th' are fitter for a Volume in rich Prose. (Hall,

But now, 'mong thy choice Landskips *Dutton-*  
 For *Mount*, *Grove*, *Arbour*, *Well*, surpasseth-all.  
*Killmorry Mount* with *Morball's Grove*, *Ann's Well*,  
 And *Dutton Arbour* bear away the Bell ;  
 A *Mount*, which all the *Muses* might invite,  
 And make them *Parnasse-Hill* abandon quite.  
 A *Grove*, which chaste *Diana* with her train,  
 And all the *Nymphs* of *Greece* might entertain :  
 A *Well* for *Vertue*, which defiance bids  
 To all, except her Neighbour *Winefrids*  
 Whose rare Sanative Waters are so pure  
 That sundry sorts of Maladies can cure.  
 Oh, could they cure the madness that now reigns,  
 The odd *Vertigo* which distracts the Brains  
 Of many thousands, that *Lycantropy*,  
 Turns men to wolfs by strange Transformity !  
 A Transformation *England* never knew,  
 Till she brought forth this *Hell-bred ugly Crew* ;  
 Such a prodigious *Metamorphosis*,  
 Poor baffled *England* never felt like this.

And

And as this Princely seat so much excels,  
 So do the *Lord* and *Lady* who there dwells ;  
 A brave wise *Peer*, a gallant fruitful *Dame* ;  
 Both of a taintless and far-spreading fame,  
 Bless'd with an Off-spring numerous and fair ;  
 The *Gerards* hence, the *Needhams* have an Heir,  
 And *Buttons* too : three ancient Families  
 From this *Prolifique Hall* now have their rise.

In sum : This *Noble Lady* and her *Peer*,  
 Of any Earthly Mortals come most neer,  
 In point of Happiness and state of Bliss,  
 To those white souls who people *Paradis*.

Before that *Exquisit large Peece*,

### A Survey.

*Of the City and Signory of Venice.*

**C**ould any State on Earth immortal be,  
 Venice by her rare Government is she.  
 Venice, great *Neptunes Minion*, still a *Maid*,  
 Though by the *Warlik'ft Potentats* essay'd,  
 Yet she retains her Virgin-water pure,  
 Nor any forraign mixtures can endure,  
 Though, *Syren-like*, on Shore and Sea, her face  
 Enchants all those whom once she doth embrace.

Nor

Nor is there any can her Beauty prize  
But he who hath beheld her with his eyes.

These following Leaves display, if well observ'd,  
How she so long her *Maiden-head* preserv'd ;  
How for sound Prudence she still bore the Bell,  
Whence may be drawn this high-fetch'd parallel :

*Venus* and *Venice* are, Great *Queens* in their degree ;  
*Venus* is *Queen* of *Love*, *Venice* of *Policy*.

---

*A Fit of*

*M O R T I F I C A T I O N.*

1. **W**EAK crazy *Mortal*, why dost fear  
To leave this Earthly Hemispher ?  
Where all delights away do pass  
Like thy Effigies in a Glass,  
Each thing beneath the Moon is frail and fickle ;  
*Death* sweeps away what *Time* cuts with his sickle.

2. This Life at best is but an Inn,  
And we the Passengers, wherein  
The Cloth is laid to some, before  
They peep out of Dame Natures dore,  
And warm Lodgings find, Others there are  
Must trudge to find a room, and shift for fare.

3. This

3. This Life's at longest but one day :

He who in *Youth* posts hence away  
 Leaves us i' th' *Morn* ; He who who hath run  
 His race till *Manhood*, parts at *Noon* ;  
 And who at seventy odd forsakes this light,  
 He may be said to take his leave at *Night*.

4. One paest makes up the Prince and Peasan,

Though one eat Roots, the other Feasan :  
 They nothing differ in the *Stuff*,  
 But both extinguish like a Snuff.  
 Why then, fond Man, shold thy soul take dismay  
 To sally out of these gross walls of Clay ?

*A*

*Lovers Protestation.*

**F**irst shall the Heavens bright Lamp forget to  
 shine,

The Stars shall from the Azur'd Sky decline :

First shall the Orient with the West shake hand,

The Centre of the World shall cease to stand :

First Wolves shall ligue with Lambs, the Dolphins

The Lawyer and Phyfitian Fees deny : (fly,

The

The *Thames* with *Tagus* shall exchange her bed,  
My *Mistress* locks with mine shall first turn red :

First Heaven shall lie below, and Hell above,  
Ere I inconstant to my *Delia* prove.

*Upon Himself, having been buried alive for many  
years in the Prison of the Fleet,*

*By the State or Long Parliament  
For his Loyalty.*

**H**ere lies intomb'd a Walking Thing,  
Whom *Fortune*, with the *State* did fling  
Between these Walls. Why? Ask not that;  
They both being *blind*, know not for what.

*A Gradual Hymn of a double cadence, tending to the  
Honour of the Holy Name of God.*

1. **L**et the vast Universe,  
And therein evry thing  
The mighty Acts rehearse  
Of their immortal King,  
His Name extol,  
What to Nadir,  
From Zenith stir,  
Twixt Pole and Pole.

2. Ye

2. Ye *Elements* that move,

And alter evry hour,  
Yet herein constant prove,  
And symbolize all four :

His praise to tell,  
Mix all in one,  
For Air and Tone,  
To sound this Peal.

3. *Earth*, which the Centre art,

And onely standest still,  
Yet move, and bear thy part,  
Resound with *Echoes* shrill.

Thy *Mines* of Gold,  
With Precious Stones,  
And Unions,  
His fame uphold.

4. Let all thy fragrant *Flowers*

Grow sweeter by this Air ;  
Thy tallest Trees and Bowers  
Bud forth and blossom fair :

Beasts wild and tame,  
Whom Lodgings yeild,  
House, Dens or Field,  
Collaud his Name.

5. Ye *Seas* with Earth that make  
 One Globe flow high, and swell,  
 Exalt your *Makers* Name,  
 In Deep his Wonders tell :

Leviathan,  
 And what doth swim  
 Neer Bank or Brim,  
 His Glory scan.

6. Ye *Airy Regions* all,  
 Joyn in a sweet concent,  
 Blow such a Madrigal  
 May reach the *Firmament* :

Winds, Hail, Ice, Snow,  
 And perly Drops  
 That hang on Crops,  
 His Wonders show.

7. Pure *Element of Fire*,  
 With holy sparks inflame  
 This Sublunary Quire,  
 That all one Confort frame.

Their spirits raise  
 To Trumpet forth  
 Their *Makers* worth,  
 And sound his praise.

8. Ye glorious Lamps that rouſt  
 In your Cœleſtial Sphears,  
 All under his controul,  
 Who you on Poles up-bear; ;  
 Him magnifie,  
 Ye Planets bright,  
 And fixed Lights  
 That deck the Skies.

9. O Heav'n Crystalline,  
 Which by the Watry hue  
 Dost temper and refine  
 The rest in Azur'd Blue :  
 His Glory sound,  
 Thou first Mobeel,  
 Which mak'ſt all wheel  
 In circle round.

10. Ye Glorious Souls who reign  
 In ſempiternal Joy,  
 Free from that flesh and pain,  
 Which here did you annoy,  
 And him behold;  
 In whom all Bliss  
 Concentred is;  
 His laud unfold.

11. *Bless'd Maid* which dost surmount  
 All Saints and Seraphims,  
 And raign'st as Paramount,  
 And chief of Cherubims ;  
 Chant out his praise,  
 Who in thy Womb  
 Nine moneths took room,  
 Though crown'd with rays.

12. Oh let my *Soul* and *Heart*,  
 My *Mind* and *Memory*,  
 Bear in this Hymn a part,  
 And joyn with *Earth* and *Sky*.  
 Let evry VVight,  
 The whole world ore,  
 Laud and adore  
 The Lord of Light.

Upon a Beautiful Valentine.

*A Sonnet.*

Could I charm the Queen of Loves  
 To lend a Quill of her white Doves,

Or one of Cupids pointed wings,  
Dipt in the fair Castalian springs :  
Then wold I write the All-divine  
Perfections of my *Valentine*.

As mongst all flowers the *Rose* excels,  
As *Amber*, mongst the fragrant'ſt smells,  
As mongſt all Minerals the *Gold*,  
As *Marble* mongſt the finest Mold,  
As *Diamonds* mongſt Jewels bright,  
As *Cynthia* mongſt the lesser lights ;  
So mong the Northern Beauties shine,  
So far excels my *Valentine*.

In *Rome* and *Naples* I did view  
Faces of Cœleſtial hue ;  
*Venetian* Dames I have ſeen many,  
(only ſaw them, touch'd not any)  
Of *Spaniſh* Beauties, *Dutch* and *French*  
have beheld the *Quinteffence* ;  
Yet ſaw I none that could out-shine,  
Or Parallel my *Valentine*.

Th' *Italiens* they are coy and quaint,  
But they groſſly daub and paint ;  
The *Spaniſh* kind are apt to please,  
But ſay'ring of the ſame disease ;

Of Dutch and French some few are comely,  
 The French are light, the Dutch are homely :  
 Let Tagus, Po, the Loire and Rhine  
 Then vail unto my Valentine.

Here may be seen pure white and red,  
 Not by feign'd Art, but Nature wed ;  
 No simpering smiles, no mimic face,  
 Affected jesture, or forc'd face :  
 A fair-smooth front, free from least wrinkle,  
 Her eyes (Oy me) like Stars do twinkle.  
 Thus all perfections do combine  
 To beutifie my Valentine.

*Upon Black Eyes, and Becoming Frowns.*

*A Sonnet.*

**B**lack Eyes, in your dark Orbs doth lie  
 My ill or happy Destiny :  
 If with clear looks you nie behold,  
 You give me Mines and Mounts of Gold ;  
 If you dart forth disdainful rays,  
 To your own dy you turn my days.

*Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell  
 My Bane or Bliss, my Paradis or Hell.*

That *Lamp* which all the Stars doth blind,  
 Yields to your lustre in some kind,  
 Though you do wear to make you bright  
 No other dress but that of *Night*.  
*He* glitters onely in the *Day*,  
 You in the *Dark* your beams display.

*Black Eyes*, in your two Orbs by changes dwell  
 My Bane or Bliss, my Paradis or Hell.

The cunning *Thief* that lurks for prize,  
 At some *Dark Corner* watching lies :  
 So that heart-robbing *God* doth stand  
 In your *Black Lobbies* shaft in hand,  
 To rifle me of what I hold  
 More precious far then *Indian Gold*.

*Black Eyes*, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell  
 My Bane or Bliss, my Paradis or Hell.

O powerful *Negromantic Eyes*,  
 Who in your Circles strictly pries,  
 Will find that *Cupid* with his Dart  
 In you doth practise the *Black Art* ;  
 And by those Spells I am possest,  
 Tries his conclusions in my Brest.

*Black Eyes*, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell  
 My Bane or Bliss, my Paradis or Hell.

Look on me, though in *frowning* wise,  
Some kind of frowns become *Black Eyes*,  
As pointed Diamonds being set,  
Cast greater lustre out of *Jet* ;  
Those pieces we esteem most rare,  
Which in *night-shadows* postur'd are :  
*Darknes* in *Churches* congregateth the fight,  
Devotion straies in glaring light.  
*Black Eyes*, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell  
My Bane or Bliss, my *Paradis* or *Hell*.

---

*Upon Clorinda's Mask.*

**S**o have I seen the Sun in his full pride  
O'er-cast with sullen Clouds, and loose his light  
So have I seen the brightest Stars denide  
To shew their lustre in some gloomy Night :  
So Angels pictures have I seen vail'd ore,  
That more devoutly men should them adore :  
So with a Mask I saw *Clorinda* hide  
Her face more bright then was the Lemnian Bride.

## Upon Dr. Davies British-Grammar.

Was a rough Task, believe it, thus to tame  
 A wild and *Wealthy* Language, and to frame  
 Grammatic toiles to curb her, so that she  
 Now speaks by *Rules*, and sings by *Prosodie* :  
*Such is the strength of Art rough things to shape,*  
*And of rude Commons rich Inclosures make.*

Doubtless much *Oyl* and *Labour* went to couch  
 Into *Methodic Rules* the rugged *Dutch* :  
 The *Rabbies* pass my reach, but judge I can  
 Something of *Clenard* and *Quintilian* ;  
 And for those *Modern Dames* I find they three  
 Are onely lops cut from the *Latian Tree* ;  
 And easie 'twas to square them into parts,  
 The Tree it self so blossoming with Arts.  
 I have been shewn for *Irish* and *Bascuence*,  
 Imperfect Rules couch'd in an *Accidence* ;  
 But I find none of these can take the start  
 Of *Davies*, or that prove more *Men of Art* ,  
 Who in exacter *Method* and clear way,  
 The *Idioms* of a *Language* do display.

This is the *Toung* the *Birds* sung in of old,  
 And *Druyds* their dark *Knowledg* did unfold :

*Merlin in this his Prophecies did vent,  
Which through the world of fame bear such exten.*

This spoak that Son of Mars, that *Britain* bold  
Who first 'mongst Christian-Worthies is inroll'd :  
This *Brennus*, who, to his desire and glut ,  
This *Mistress* of the world did prostitut.  
This *Arviragus* and King *Catarac*  
Sole free, when all the world was on *Romes* rack.  
This *Lucius* who on Angels wings did soar  
To *Rome*, and would wear Diadem no more.

With thousand *Hero's* more, which shold I tell,  
This New-year scarce wold serve me : So fare well.

*Upon Christmas-Day.*

1. **H**ail Holy Tide,  
Wherein a Bride,  
A Virgin (which is more)  
Brought forth a Son,  
The like was done  
Nere in the World before.

2. Hail, Spotless Maid ;  
Who thee upbraid  
To have been born in *Sin*,

Do

Do little weigh  
What in thee lay,  
Before thou didst *Lie-in.*

3. Three moneths thy Wombe  
Was made the Dome  
    Of *Him*, whom Earth nor Air,  
Nor the vast mold  
    Of Heaven can hold,  
Cause he's *Ubiquitair.*
4. O would he daign  
To rest and raign  
    I' th' centre of my heart,  
And make it still  
    His Domicil,  
And Residence in part.
5. But in so foul a Cell  
Can he abide to dwell ?  
    Yes, when he please to move  
His Harbenger to sweep the Room,  
And with rich Odours it perfume  
    Of *Faith, of Hope, of Love.*

## Upon my Honoured Friend and F.

Mr. Ben. Johnson.

**A**nd is thy Glass run out? is that Oyl spent  
 Which light to such strong finewy labours  
 Well Ben, I now perceive that all the Nine, (lent)  
 Though they their utmost forces shold combine,  
 Cannot prevail 'gainst Nights three Daughters, but  
 One still must *spin*, one *twist*, the other *cut*:

Yet in despight of *Distaff*, *Clue*, and *Knife*,  
 Thou in thy strenuous Lines hast got a *Life*;  
 Which like thy Bays shall flourish evry Age,  
 While *Sock* or *Buskin* shall ascend the Stage.

— Sic vaticinatur

J. H.

For the admitting Mistriss Anne King to be  
 the tenth Muse.

**L**adies of Helicon, do not repine  
 I add one more unto your Number Nine

To

To make it even: I among you bring  
No meaner then the Daughter of a King;  
Fair *Basil-Ana*: quickly pass your voice,  
I know *Apollo* will approve the choice;  
And gladly her install, for I could name  
Some of less merit Goddesses became.

## *A Hymn to the Blest Trinity.*

*To the first Person,*

To thee, Dread Sovereign, and dread Lord,  
Which out of Nought didst me afford  
Essence and Life, who mad'st me Man,  
And oh, much more a Christian:

## To the Second.

TO Thee blessed Saviour who didst free  
My Soul from Satans Tyranny,  
And madst her capable to be  
An Angel of thy Hierarchy:

From the same Centre do I raise  
All Honour and immortal Praise.  
Hallelujah.

## Hallelujah.

T<sub>0</sub>

*To the Thir'd.*

**T**O Thee sweet *Spirit* I return  
 That Love wherewith my heart doth burn,  
 And these bless'd Notions of my Brain  
 I now breath up to thee again :  
 O let them redescend, and still  
 My Soul with holy Raptures fill.

*Hallelujah.*

*A short Ejaculation.*

**O** God, who can those Passions tell  
 Wherewith my heart to Thee doth swell ?  
 I cannot better them declare  
 Then by the Wish made by that rare  
*Aurelian Bishop*, who of old  
 Thy Oracles in *Hippo* told.

If I were *Thou*, and Thou wert *I*,  
 I would resigne the *Deity* :  
 Thou sholdst be *God*, I wold be *Man* ;  
 Is't possible that love more can ?  
 Oh pardon, that my Soul hath tane  
 So high a flight, and grows prophane.

*A Hymn of Mortification.*

1.

**L**ord I cry,  
Lord I flyTo thy Throne of Grace:  
This World is irksome unto me:In my mind  
stings I findOf that dismal place,  
Where pains still growing young ne'er die.O thou whose clemency  
Reacheth from Earth to Sky,  
Set my sins from me as wide  
As is East  
From the West,Or the Court of Bliss  
From the Infern Abyss,  
So far let us asunder ever bide.

2.

**A**ngels blest,  
With the restOf that Heavenly Quire,  
Which Halleluja's always sing:Fain wold I  
Mount on high,

And

And those seats aspire,  
 Where evry Season is a constant Spring.  
 O Thou who thought'st no scorn  
 To be in *Bethlem* born,  
 Though grand Monarch of the Sky  
 Through a Flood  
 Of thy Blood  
 Let me safely dive,  
 And at that Port arrive,  
 Where I may ever rest from shipwrack free.

3. **F**ait *and Hope*,  
 Take your scope,  
 And my Pilots be  
 To waft me to this blisful Bay :  
 Gently guide  
 Through the tide  
 Of mans misery,  
 My Bark that it loose not the way.  
 When landed I shall be  
 At that Port, pardon me  
 If I bid you both farewell,  
 Onely *Love*  
 Reigns above  
 'Mong Coelestial Souls,  
 Where Passion not controuls,  
 Nor any thing but *Charity* doth dwell.

4. Lord

4. **L**ord of light, In thy sight  
 Are those Mounts of Bliss  
 Which Humane Brains transcends so far,  
 Ear nor Eye  
 Can descry,  
 Nor heart fully wish,  
 Or Toungs of Men and Saints declare  
 Those Sense-surmounting Joys  
 That free from all annoys  
 For those few up-treasur'd lie,  
 Which ere Sun  
 Shone at Noon,  
 Have their Names enroll'd  
 In Characters of Gold,  
 Through the white Volume of *Eternity*.

---

*A Holy***R A P T U R E.**

**C**ould I screw up my Brain so high  
 With soaring Raptures that might fly  
 Unto the Emprean Sky,

How

How would I laud the Lord of light,  
Who fills all things, and every Wight  
With Plenty, Vigour and Delight?

My Voice with Hallelujahs loud  
Shold pierce, and dissipate the *Clouds*,  
Which in the Airie Region croud.

Then through the Element of *Fire*  
Unto the *Stars* they should aspire,  
And so to the *Seraphick Quire*.

Thus Earth and Sky with every thing  
Should joyn with me, and Carrols sing  
Unto the *Everlasting King*.

*An*

*E J A C U L A T I O N*

*To my*

*C R E A T O R.*

**A**S the parch'd Field doth thirst for Rain  
When the Dog-star makes Sheep and Swain  
Of an unuseful Drowth complain,  
So *thirsts* my Heart for Thee.

*As*

As the chace'd Deer doth pant and bray  
 After some brook, or cooling Bay  
 When Hounds have worried her astray,  
 So *pants* my Heart for Thee,

As the forsaken Dove doth mone  
 When her beloved Mate is gone,  
 And never rests while self alone,  
 So *mones* my Heart for Thee.

Or as the Teeming Earth doth mourn  
 In Black (like Lover at an Urn)  
 Till Titan's quickning Beams return,  
 So do I *mourn, mone, pant and thirst*  
 For *Thee* who art my *Last and First*.

*Upon a Fit of*

*D I S C O N S O L A T I O N,*  
*or Despondency of Spirit.*

**E**Arly and late, both night and day,  
 By Moon-shine and the Suns bright Ray,  
 When spangling Stars emboss'd the Sky,  
 And deck'd the Worlds vast Canopy,  
 I sought the Lord of Light and Life,  
 But Oh my Lord kept out of sight.

G

As

As at all *Times*, so evry *Place*  
 I made my *Church* to seek his *Face* :  
 In *Forests*, *Chases*, *Parks* and *Woods*,  
 On *Mountains*, *Meadows*, *Fields* and *Floods*,  
 I sought the *Lord* of *Life* and *Light*,  
 But still my *Lord* kept out of sight.

On *Neptun*'s back, when I could see  
 But few pitch'd planks 'twixt *Death* and me,  
 In *Freedom* and in *Bondage* long,  
 With *Groans* and *Cries*, with *Pray'r* and *Song*,  
 I sought the *Lord* of *Life* and *Light*,  
 But still my *Lord* kept out of sight.

In *Chamber*, *Closet*, (swoln with *Tears*)  
 I sent up *Vows* for my *Arrears* ;  
 In *Chappel*, *Church* and *Sacrament*,  
 (The *Souls* *Ambrosian* *Nourishment*)  
 I sought the *Lord* of *Life* and *Light*,  
 But still my *Lord* kept out of sight.

What? is mild *Heaven* turn'd to *Brass*,  
 That neither *sigh* nor *sob* can pass?  
 Is all *Commerce* 'twixt *Earth* and *Sky*  
 Cut off from *Adams* *Progeny*?  
 That thus the *Lord* of *Life* and *Light*  
 Should so, so long keep out of sight?

Such Passions did my mind assail,  
 Such terrors did my spirits quail,  
 When lo, a beam of Grace shot out  
 Through the dark clouds of sin and doubt,  
 Which did such quickning sparkles dart,  
 That pierc'd the centre of my heart.

How my spirits came again,  
 How evry cranny of my brain  
 Was fill'd with heat and wonderment,  
 With joy and ravishing content,  
 When thus the Lord of Life and Light  
 Did re-appear unto my sight?

Learn Sinners hence, 'tis nere too late  
 To knock and cry at Heavens gate ;  
 That Begger's bless'd who doth not faint,  
 But re-inforceth still his plaint :  
 The longer that the Lord doth hide his Face,  
 More bright will be his after-beams of Grace.

Upon the most Noble Work of the  
 Lo. Mar. of Winchester,  
 By rendering the French Gallery of Ladies into  
 English.

1. **T**He World of Ladies must be honour'd more  
 That so sublime a Personage, that such  
 A Noble Peer, and Pen should thus display  
 Their Vertues, and expose them to the day.

2. *His* praises are like those coruscant Beams  
 Which *Phæbus* on high Rocks of Crystal streams  
 The Matter and the Agent grace each other :  
 So *Danae* did when *Jove* made her a Mother.

3. **Q**ueens, Countesses and Ladies go, unloose  
 Your Cabinets, draw forth your richest stock  
 Of Jewels, and his Coronet adorn  
 With Rubies, Perl, and Saphyres yet unworn.

4. Rise early, gather flow'rs now in the spring  
 Twift wreaths of Laurel, and fresh Garlands bring  
 To crown the Temples of this high-born Peer,  
 And make him your *Apollo* all the yeer.

And when his soul shall leave this Earthly Mine  
 Then offer sacrifice unto his shrine.

*Upon the untimely Death of the Lord*

Fra. Villars,

*Kill'd neer Kingston upon Thames.*

**H**ere lies a Noble *Posthumus* inhum'd,  
VVhose youthful breath that *Sanguin Field*  
perfusa'd

Where while his heart with Martial flames did swell,  
Among a Cru of *Cannibals* he fell.

Such a hard Destiny did post from hence

His gallant *Sire*, yet with this difference:

One Assassin fell'd him, but this brave Spray.

Base Rebels in whole throngs did rend away.

*Upon the Holy Sacrament.*

**H**ail holy Sacrament,  
The worlds great VVonderment,

Mysterious Banquet, much more rare

Then Manna, or the Angels fare;

Each crum, though sinners on thee feed,

Doth *Cleopatra's* Perl exceed.

Oh how my *Soul* doth hunger, thirst and pine  
After these Cates so precious, so divine !

2.

She need not bring her Stool  
As some unbidden Fool ;  
**The Master of this Heavenly Feast**  
Invites and woos her for his Guest :  
Though Deaf and Lame, Forlorn and Blind,  
Yet welcome here she's sure to find,  
So that she bring a Vestment for the day,  
And her old tatter'd Rags throw quite away,

3.

This is *Bethsaida's* Pool  
That can both clese and cool  
Poor leprous and diseased souls,  
An Angel here keeps and controuls,  
Descending gently from the Heavens above  
To stir the waters ; May He also move  
My mind, and rockie heart so strike and rend,  
That tears may thence gush out with them to blend.

---

*A Divine**E F A C U L A T I O N.*

**A**S to the *Pole* the *Lilly* bends  
 In a *Sea-compass*, and still tends  
 By a *Magnetic Mystery*  
 Unto the *Artic* point in *Sky*,  
 Whereby the doubtful *Piloteer*  
 His course in gloomy *Nights* doth steer;

So the small *Needle* of my *Heart*  
 Moves to her *Maker*, who doth dart  
 Atomes of *Love*, and so attracts  
 All my *affections*, which like *sparks*  
 Fly up, and guide my *Soul* by this  
 To the tru centre of her *Bliss*.

---

*Of the Scene; and ingenious Composire*  
*of a*  
*Florentine Tragi-Comedy.*

**F**lorence 'mong Cities bears the name of *Fair*  
 For Streets and stately Structures, Site & Air:  
 G 4 A

A City, as a late Historian says,  
 Fit onely to be seen on Holy-days.

She breeds great Wits for high attempts and trust,  
 Though often bent on black *Revenge* and *Lust*,  
 We know the purest *Streams* have woose and slime,  
 So *Vices* mix with *Vertu* in this Clime ;  
 And there are store of *Stories* in that kind,  
 Which as I write, come crowding to my mind :  
 But *this* of yours will serve for *all*, which is  
 Compil'd with so much Art, that doubtful 'tis  
 VVhether the *Toscan* Actors shew'd more *Wit*  
 In *plotting*, as *Yon* did in *penning* it.

Upon the Poems of Dr. Aylet,

An Ancient Master of the Chancery.

1654  
 Though the *Castalian* Dames (and all the rest  
 Of women-kind) love youthful spirits best,  
 Yet I have known them oftentimes inspire  
 Autumnal brains with heats of *Enthean* fire :  
 Nay, 'tis observ'd in those whom *Phebus* loves,  
 The more the *Sense* impairs, the *Soul* improves ;  
 He darts on *Aged Trees* so bright a stroke,  
 As on the *Standel* of a lustie Oke.

This

This work of yours, this mirrour of your minde,  
 Is a clear proof hereof, wherein I finde  
 Your *Autumn*, *Spring*, and *Summer* still the same,  
 Your *Evening*, *Morn* and *Noon* have the like flame  
 Of *Apollinean* fire, in such degree  
 May melt the Readers into *Poesie* :  
 Your Fancie with the Leaf doth neither fall  
 Nor fade, but still is sappy, streight and tall.

Here are no whimsies, and strong Lines that swell,  
 And more of Garlick then the Lamp do sinell ;  
 Such as those rambling Rimers use to vent,  
 Who raise their Muse on stilts, and not content  
 To tread on earth, do mount so high a stair,  
 That their conceits prove Non-sense, Froth and Air.

Here's no such Stuff, but Substance and rare Sense,  
 Sound Rules and Precepts may be cull'd out hence ;  
 Your *Quadrains* Symphonize with *Pybracks* Strains,  
 As if his Soul were transient in your brains.  
 Your smooth just Cadencies, and gentle Veres,  
 Suit with the pions Matter you rehearse,  
 As all will judge, who have their brains well knit,  
 And do not love extravagance of Wit.

If such your Readers be, you need not fly  
 From any Sentence to the *Chancery*.

*The Description of a  
Morning Expergfaction,  
After an unusual Dream or Vision.*

1656.

**S**O Rest to Motion, Night to Day doth yeild,  
Silence to Noise, the Stars do quit the Field,  
My *Cinq Ports* all fly ope, the *Phantasie*  
Gives way to *outward Objects*, Ear and Eye  
Resume their Office, so doth *Hand* and *Lip*;  
I hear the Carmans Wheel, the Coachmans Whip.  
The Prentice (with my sense) his Shop unlocks,  
The Milk-maid seeks her Pail, Porters their frocks;  
All cries and souads return, except one thing  
I hear no Bell for *Mattins* Toll or Ring.  
Being thus awak'd, and staring on the light  
Which *silver'd* all my face and glaring sight,  
I clos'd my eyes again, to recollect  
What I had dreamt, and make my thoughts reflect  
Upon themselves, which here I do expose  
To evry knowing Soul: and may all those  
(Whose Brains *Apollo* with his gentle Ray  
Hath moulded of a more refined Clay)

That

That read this *Dream*, thereby such *Profit* reap  
As I did *Pleasure*; Then they have *It* cheap.

*Eft sensibilium simia somnium,*

J. H.

To

M<sup>rs</sup>. E. B.

*Upon a sudden*

*S U R P R I S A L.*

**A** Pelles, Prince of Painters, did  
All others in that *Art* exceed;  
But *You* surpass him, for He took  
Some *Pains* and *Time* to draw a *Look*;  
*You* in a trice and moments space,  
Have Pourtray'd in my Heart your Face.

*Upon*

---

Upon the Nativity of our Saviour,  
Christmas-Day.

1. **W**onder of Wonders, Earth with Sky  
Time mingleth with Eternity,  
And Matter with Immensity.

2. The Sun becomes an *Atom*, and a Star  
Turns to a *Candle* to light Kings from far  
To see a spectacle so wondrous rare.

3. A *Virgin* bears a *Son*, that Son doth bear  
A world of sin, acquitting mans arrear  
Since guilty *Adam* fig-tree leaves did wear.

4. A Majesty both *infinit* and *just*  
Offended was, therefore the Offering must  
Be such, to expiat frail flesh and dust.

5. When no such *Victime* could be found  
Throughout the whole Expansive round  
Of Heaven, of Air, of Sea or Ground,

6. The *Prince of Life* Himself descends  
To make *Astrea* full amends,  
And Human Soul from Hell defends.

7. Was

7. Was ever such a Love as this,  
That the *Eternal* Heir of Bliss  
Should stoop to such a *low* Abyss?

To my Dear Mother,  
*The University of OXFORD,*

Before

Mr. Cartwrights Poems  
Of

C H R I S T - C H U R C H.

1650.

*Alma Mater,*

**M**any do suck thy *Breasts*, but *now* in some  
Thy *Milk* turns into *froth*, and *spumy scum*;  
In *Others* it converts to *rheum* and *fleam*,  
Or some poor *Wheyish* stuff in steed of *Cream*.

In *Some* it doth *Malignant Humors* breed,  
And make the *Head* turn *round*, (as that side  
Tweed)

Which *Humors* vaporizing up into the *Brains*,  
Break out to odd *Fanatik* *sottish* strains;  
It makes them *dote* and *rave*, *fret*, *fume* and *foam*,  
And strangely from the *Text* in *Pulpits* *roam*:

When

When they shold preach of *Rheims*, they prate of  
*Rome*;

Their Theme is *Birch*, their Preachment is of *Brome*;  
Nor mong thy *Foorders* onely such are found,  
But who came ore the *Bridge* are much more  
*Round*.

Some of thy Sons prove Bastards, sordid, base,  
Who having suck'd Thee throw Dirt in Thy face:  
When they have squeez'd thy Nipples and chafte  
Paps,

They dash thee on the *Nose* with Frumps and Raps:  
They grumble at thy *Commons*, *Buildings*, *Rents*,  
And wold Thee bring to *Farting Decremnts*.

Few by thy *Milk* sound *Nutriment* now gain,  
For want of good *Concoction* from the Brain.

But this choice *Son* of Thine is no such *Brat*;  
Thy *Milk* in Him did so *Coagulat*,  
That it became *Elixir*, as we see,  
In these smooth streams of fluent *Poesie*.

*To the Rarely Ingenious*  
**M<sup>r</sup>s. A. W E E M E S,**  
*Upon Her*  
**S U P P L E M E N T**  
*To*  
**Sir Philip Sydneys Arcadia.**

**I**F a Male Soul by *Transmigration* can  
 Pass to a Female, and Her spirits *Man*,  
 Then sure some *Sparks* of *Sydney*s Soul hath flown  
 Into your Breast, which may in time be blown  
 To *Flames*; for 'tis the course of *Entbean Fire*  
 To kindle by degrees, and Brains inspire:  
 As Buds to Blossoms, Blossoms turn to Fruit,  
 So Wits ask Time to ripen and recruit.

But yours gives Time the start, as All may see  
 In this smooth *Peece of Early Poefie*:  
 Whichlike sparks of one flame may well aspire,  
 If *Phæbus* please, to a *Sydneyan Fire*.

*A sudden Rapture  
Upon the Horrid Murthering of his late Majesty.*

✓ **S**o fell great Britains Oke by a Wild Crew  
Of Mongrel Shrubs which underneath Him grew;  
So fell the Lyon by a pack of Curs,  
So the Rose wither'd twixt a Knot of Burs.  
So fell the Eagle by a swarm of Gnats,  
So the Whale perish'd 'twixt a Shoal of Sprats.

*An  
E P I T A P H  
Upon  
C H A R L E S the First.  
παθημαρχος.*

✓ **I**f to Subdue Himself, if to obtain  
A Conquest ore the Passions, be to Raign,  
Here lies the Greatest King, (who can say more?)  
Of All can come bebind, or went before.

*Upon*

Upon a Cupboard of Venice-Glasses, sent for a New-years-gift to a choice Lady.

Madame,

If on this New-years-gift you cast an eye,  
You plainly may therein at once descry  
A twofold quality; for there will appear  
A brittle substance, but the Object clear.

So in the *Donor*, Madame, you may see  
These Qualities inherent for to be:  
His Pow'r which brittle little is, *Helas*,  
His Mind sincere, and pure as any Glass.

The old Philospher did wish there were  
A window in his Heart of Chrystal clear,  
Through which his friends might the more clearly  
His inward Passions, and Integrity. (see

I wish the like, for then you *sure* wold rest  
Of my clear Mind, and motions of my Breſt.

But if it question'd be to what intent,  
With *Venice-Glasses* I do you present,  
I answer, That I could no Gift perceive  
So fit for me to give, you to receive:  
For those rare Graces that in you excel,  
And you that hold them, one may parallel

Unto a *Venice-Glass*, which as 'tis *clear*,  
 And can admit no *poison* to come near,  
 So *Vertu* dwells in you, nor can endure  
 That *Vice* shold harbour in a Brest so *pure*.

---

*A Passionat*

*E L E G I E*

*Upon His Long-endeared Friend,*  
 Daniel Caldwal *Efq;*

**A** Heart high swoln with grief in this sad Verse,  
 Lets fall these *brackish* tears upon thy Herse,  
 Distill'd from that *pure Salt* of long-bred Love,  
 Which twice ten Summers did betwixt us move.

O how my Soul doth melt when my Thoughts run  
 Upon those days our friendship first begun  
 Among the Muses on fair *Ijis* banks,  
 Where Youth doth play so many sportful pranks ;  
 When Liberty ore-aw'd by Tutors frown,  
 And Mirth half-stoln is far more pleasing known.

From *Ijis* to the *Thames* Affections flew,  
 And with new sparks of Love still hotter grew :  
 Nere *Damon* to his *Pythias* prov'd more dear  
 Then *Dan* to Me ; nere shin'd their love more clear.

Those

Those *Twins* which now in Azur'd Skies do glide,  
 And *Pilots* through rough *Neptun's* Surges guide.  
 Our Souls did seem to one another pass  
 By *Transmigration*; an *Elizium* was  
 There where we met: We did so sympathize,  
 That Hearts seem'd to make Sallies through the eys.

Thus liv'd we long, till all-disposing *Fate*  
 To check this friendship Us did separate,  
 Put Seas between Us, many thousand mile  
 Thrice cut me from my *Dan* and *Albions* Ile.

Yet, maugre this large distance We did meet,  
 And still by Internuntial Letters greet.

The Horizon of *Love* is large, He spies  
 His wished Object wheresoere it lies,  
 From *Pole* to *Pole*, from *Thale* unto *Gades*,  
 He flying soars through Air, through Seas he wades.

This found I tru, when *Tagus*, *Loire* and *Po*,  
 Clowd-threatning *Alps*, and *Pyrenean* Snow  
 Cross'd, me thought the further still I steer'd  
 My *Dan* still nearer to my mind appeer'd;  
 My thoughts by day, my phantasie by night  
 Would frequently convoy him to my sight:  
 I miss'd, and found *Him*; miss'd him to the eye,  
 Yet found him in my Breast still constant lie;  
 And by this miss, that *Axiom* tru did note,  
 Sometimes *Love's* sweetest when 'tis most remote.

O how my thoughts kept Festival that day  
 Did Letters from my *Dan* to me convay ;  
 Letters which I shall keep as sacred Ties,  
 As holy Reliques, or rich Legacies.

Dear Quintessential Mate, what can express  
 The deep-fetch'd sighs my trembling heart posses !  
*Silence* best can : how roars the shallow Source,  
 While without noise great Rivers run their course ?  
 Small Love doth speak, and is sometimes acute,  
 While deep Affection stunn'd with grief stands mute.

But is *Dan* dead ? Oh no , now He begins  
 To live, He's got among the *Serapbins* :  
 Where He doth Nectar quaff with Glory crown'd,  
 While his sad Spouse still bears his Deaths deep  
 wound

In her chaste Breast , and Heart big-swoln with Woes  
 More dolorous then all her Childbed Throes.

Farewel, dear Soul, raign in *Elyzian* Bliss,  
 And take this pure untaint'd Sacrifice ,  
 Which on Love's Altar doth like Incense flame  
 To thy still-fragrant Memory and Fame.

Farewel, until we meet, and make in Sky  
 Among the Stars another *Gemini*.

*An***E L E G I E**

*Upon his Tomb in Horndon-Hill Church,  
Erected by his Wife, Who speaks,*

**T**ake, Gentle Marble to thy trust,  
And keep untouched this sacred Dust :  
Grow moist sometimes, that I may see  
Thou weep'st in sympathy with Me ;  
And when by Him I here shall sleep,  
My Ashes also safely keep.

*And from rude Hands preserve Us Both, until  
We rise to Sion Mount from Horndon-Hill.*

*Sent with a Prayer-Book to a  
Pious Lady.*

*Madame,*

**W**HAT I by way of Token send, you may  
By way of Sacrifice to Heav'n convey,  
And to an Off'ring turn my Gift, more dear  
To God then Piles of Frankincense and Myrr.

But when for Others you to Him direct  
Your Prayers, let your thoughts sometimes reflect  
Upon *J. H.*

## To DELIA.

**A**bout the light as the poor Fly  
 Doth flutter and approach so nigh,  
 Till up and down as she still skips,  
 Her Lawny Wings with fire she clips:

So my Affection bout the Eyes  
 Of Heart-inflaming *Delia* flyes ;  
 Till *Phænix*-like they into *Ashes* burn,  
 And new *Affections* still rise from their *Urns*.

*A sudden*

S P E C U L A T I O N

*Beyond the Seas.*

**A**lthough my Body many thousand mile  
 Be distant from sweet *Albions Woolly Ile*,  
 Yet neither *Land* nor *Sea*, nor *Air* nor *Wind*,  
 Nor *Heav'n* it self, can keep from thence my *Mind* ;  
 But that each moment of the fleeting day,  
 My *Thoughts* to *England* may *Themselfs* convay.

*Of*

Of  
Female Hypocrisie,

*In a short Dialog twixt Dion and Thyrfis.*

*Dion.*

Thyrfis, I stand amaz'd how Nature could  
Compose a Fabrick of so rich a mould,  
That *outwardly* looks like a Seraphin,  
But a Megera if you pry *within*.

*Thyrfis.*

Whom mean you, *Dion*, that you thus descry  
By such gross taintures of *Hypocrisie*?  
For hence you must infer that Nature's blind,  
Or els she must be *partial* in her kind.

*Dion.*

O *Thyrfis*, if that Saint-like Fiend you knew,  
That sour-sweet, real, yet dissembling Hue  
Of *Livia*, sure you wold be chang'd to wonder,  
That Nature in her works should so much blunder.

Her Eyes are like those Heaven Twins, except  
 That of *Themselfs* they shine, not by reflect,  
 Wherein through Crystal Casements one may spy  
 The Queen of Love seated in Majesty.

Her *Forehead* as the Marble smooth and plain,  
 Her *Cheeks* alike, but that half dy'd in Grain :  
 Her *Tresses* might serve for a Net to take  
 A Hermit, or an Angel captive make.

A *Smile* to move a *Stoik*, a *Voice* so shrill,  
 That all *Areadia* wold with Echo's fill :  
 A sweeter *Breath* never perfum'd the Air ;  
 Least touch of *Lip* would a dead Corps repair.

These are Perfections in *Exterior* shew ;  
 But if her *inward Qualities* you knew,  
 What you *ador'd* before you would *detest*,  
 Turn *Love* to *Hate*, (or *Pity* at the least.)

Her *Breast*'s a *Shop of Fraud*, her *Heart* a *Mill*  
 That restless thoughts do *grind* to wound or kill.  
 Her *Brain*'s a *Still* that at all hours doth strain  
 Destructive cruel Notions of *Disdain*.  
 Her *Eyes* are Windows of *False Lights*, and cries,  
 Her *Tong* a flap of *Perjury* and *Lyes* :  
 Her *Chin* is *double* like her *Heart* ; Her *Cheeks*  
 Have *Pits*, as 'twere to *bury* whom she seeks  
 For to *destroy*. —

## Thyfis.

Is't possible so fair a *Bark* shold hide  
 so black a *Trunk*, or so much *ill* shold bide  
 In such Seraphik Beuties? Shells of Gold,  
 Can they within such rotten Kernels hold?  
 Can in smooth gliding streams *Carybdies* dwell?  
 Or in one place cohabit Heav'n and Hell?  
 Can *Livia* be so beuteous to th' Eyes,  
 And lodg *within* such foul deformities?

## Dion.

•Tis so: whence I infer how tru I find,  
 No trust is to be put in *Woman-kind*.

## Of some,

Who blending their Brains together, plotted  
 how to bespatter one of the Muses  
 choiceſt Sons and Servants,

Sir Will. Davenant, Knight and Poet.

**P**oets like *Princes* may denounce a War,  
 They may like *Common Mortals* clash and jar,  
 Turn *privat* Feuds to *publick*, and asperse  
 (Justly sometimes) each others *Muse* and *Verse*.  
 But

But who so blurs *Davenants Heroick* strains  
 Do shew more *Gall in Brest*, then *Wit in Brains* :  
 Their Sculls are like a Siringe cramm'd with Dirt,  
 Which as they on some Marble Pillar spirt,  
 Bounds on their grinning Faces back again ,  
 So doth *Themselfs* more then the *Marble* stain.

---

*Upon Mr. Cleveland.*

IS *Cleveland* dead ? and will not the whole *Quire*  
 Of *Muses* mourn, and put on *black* attire ?  
 Nay, their great God *Apollo* shold me thinks  
 Wear *Sable* too, and dart his *Rays* through *Chinks*.

Is *Cleveland* gone ? Sure in this *long-North-wind*  
 Some *Scottish Witch* convey'd her *Imps* to find  
 Him out , and in revenge made League with *Death*  
 To *murther* him so soon, and stop his breath :  
 Yet had his *Body* match'd his *Wit* in *might*,  
 He had in pure clear strength put both to flight.

One thing I do admire, we have no more  
 Of that *large stock* the *Stars* gave him in store ;  
 VVhich could he have bequeath'd by *Legacy*,  
 It equall'd had *Saint Mark's* rich *Tresury*.

But my hopes are, that he hath left behind  
 Some *Postbume* Pieces to enrich mankind,

Which

Which with th' inspiring Odors they will cast,  
May make new Poets, not like *Him* in hast.

*Upon*

*Dr. Howel, Lord Bishop of Bristol,*  
*Who died a little after the putting down of*  
*Episcopacy.*

• Rumpendo in Lachrymas facit Indignatio Versum.

**O** Were I raptur'd into Verse  
To write with fury on thy Herse,  
O could I strangle with a wish  
Steel'd Clotho, and Stern Lachesis  
With their own Thred, or cut the Life  
Of Atropos with her own Kife.  
Or could I meet that Bald-Pate Churl,  
With his All-mowing Sith, I'd hurl,  
And tumble *Him*, with all the Three  
Down to the Pit in lieu of *Thee*:  
So *Man* shold be *Lord* of his Age,  
And free from their Tyrannik rage.

But much they need not boast, or vaunt to have  
This Saint-like Prelat sent unto his Grave :  
For *He*, good Soul, was Mortifi'd before,  
And got almost in sight of Heav'n's bless'd shore,

*He*

He might be call'd during his Lifes short span  
Terrestrial Angel, or Cœlestial Man.

But Oh, it is not *He* who di'd alone,  
For *Prelacy* Herself with him is gone :  
*Englands* whole *Hierarchy* (sad Tale to tell)  
At the same time did breathe Her last, and fell.

1647.

---

Before the Second Part  
Of  
DODONAS GROVE.

**F**rom the pure Air of *Greece*, the ancient Nource  
Of Learning, and Philosophy's chief Source,  
*Dodona* sends her *Trees* to re-salute  
The *Queen of Iles*; they all this while stood mute,  
And muffled in a close unlucky Fog,  
That the whole Grove appear'd like one great Log.

VWhen a fresh Breeze did Blow, and re-inspire  
Their Leafs with Language like an Orphean Lyre,  
To tell the gazing world what a dire stroke,  
Or fatal clap of Thunder crush'd the Oke;  
How all the *Sbrubs* grew *Wood*, and strangely mad,  
As if some *Hemlock* them intox'd had :

And

And how the *Thistle* that *Blue round-top'd Weed*  
Did by his prickles all these mischiefs breed.

If in this *Bleaker Air* *Dodona* finds  
To nip her Buds any *Malignant Winds*,  
She quickly can transplant without despair,  
To shoot Her blossoms in some gentler Air.

*The Conclusion of the Second Part*

*Of*

*D O D O N A S G R O V E.*

CANT  
**T**Hus far have we purſi'd the *doubtful Fate*  
Of the *Druinian Oke*, and tott'ring State,  
When the first *Northern Blaſts* upon him blew,  
Which ſuch a world of mischiefs with them drew.

*Dodona* next ſhall trembling tell  
VVhat a ſad period *Him* befel;  
How, to Mankinds eternal wonder,  
His Trunk from top was cleft asunder.  
VVhence *Kings* may learn, that by this Blow,  
They are made All *Plebeans* now.

*To*

*To my most Endeared*

*R. Altham, Esq;*

**R**Are Youth, I stand astonish'd at thy wit,  
So quaint, so pregnant, and so full of sp'rit ;  
As if the *Thebesian Dames* for a new Mate,  
Another young *Apollo* would create.

Those few Castalian drops which once I drank  
At *Aganippes* honey-suckled bank,  
Are now exhausted much by long disuse ;  
By cares and cumbers, Travels far, my Mase  
Is dull'd, but yours more ripe, and perfect grows,  
Now yours doth *Knot*, now your Invention flows.  
O how those Golden days did sweetly shine,  
VVhen Contubernal Love did us combine !  
VVhen with encircling Arms I fast would keep,  
And with old Stories lull us both asleep.

But that tim's past, and passeth still, that *Time*  
VVold scarce permit Me to make up my *Rime*.

*Upon*

*Upon*  
**A New-fashion'd Table-Book,**

*Sent Him for a Token from Amsterdam.*

**S**uppose this Book the Table be  
 Of a cleer Heart engag'd to Thee,  
 Wherein could I so pithy prove,  
 As write the story of our Love ;  
 Within each Leaf I wold infold  
 The brightest Characters of Gold.

But how can such large Matter be  
 Couch'd in so streight a room by Me ?  
 Unless I had *His Art* who put  
 Great *Homers Iliads* in a Nut.

*Upon*  
**E A S T E R - D A Y.**

**H**ail, *Holy Morn*, the Morn that made appear  
 Two *Suns* at once above this Hemisphēr :  
 One,

One, the *Great Eye* of the low world, so bright,  
 That it gives evry thing both *Heat* and *Light* ;  
 Th' Other transcending *Him* in Light so far  
 As *He* excels any inferior *Star* :

*The Sun of Righteousness* ; He who displays  
 Upon the *inward man* his *Heav'nly Rays*.

O that those *Rays* wold on my *Soul* reflect  
 By the *bless'd* influence of his *Aspect*,  
 To penetrat the centre of my *Heart*,  
 And thence exhale all the *Terrestrial Part*.

## A

B A R A L L E L

Twixt

A N G E L S and M E N.

**T**HAT which the *smallest Fly* we see  
 Is, if to *Man* it equall'd be,  
 Such a proportion *Man* may bear  
 With those of the *Seraphik Spheare*.

*Men* are at best but *Earths Free-Denizens*,  
*Angels* are *Heav'ns Immortal Citizens*,

Man

*Man* hardly on the *Sun* can look,  
 Or his coruscant lustre brook :  
 But *Angels* can behold the sight  
 Of *Him* who made that *Sun* and *Light*.

Then what is purblind *Man*, if one shold dare  
 Unto a glorious *Angel* him compare ?

*Earth* with the *Sky* bears no proportion,  
 'Tis but a *Point* of no Dimension ;  
 It doth not match, much less exceed  
 The smallest *Grain* of Mustard-seed :  
 Then what proportion can (I'd fain be told)  
 A *Human* *Creature* with a *Heavenly* hold ?

Yet let not *Man* dejected be  
 At such a mighty odds, for *He*  
 Is born himself to be in time  
 An *Angel*, and the *Stars* to clime  
 By that Immortal *Soul*, and precious *Guest*  
 He lodgeth in his *Spirits*, *Brain* and *Breast*.

To my choice, and most endeared Friend,

Mr. R. Altham.

In answer to a Poem of His.

**A**S when *Aurora* with her cheerful Crest  
Mounts our Horizon, then both Bird & Beast  
Renew their vigour; so your quickning strains  
My drooping spirits rais'd, and rowz'd my Brains:  
Wherein the flames of love such beams did dart,  
That pierc'd the very centre of my heart.

For as my Eyes your charming Numbers view'd,  
My Lips, me thought, with Nectar were bedew'd;  
As if *Thalia* from *Apollo's* Mount  
An *Ode* had sent dipp'd in the *Thespian-Fount*:  
Each Line did lim you out, each Word did show  
This Verse, this Stile from *Althams* brain did flow.

Rare flowr of Wit, *Minerva's* Minion,  
The Muses Gem, Honors adopted Son,  
What Answer shall I make for to express  
That Quintessential Love I Thee profess?

If Letters can by Aiery spirits send  
A distant Heart, behold my Breast I rend,

And send you mine : O but long ago  
 This purchase you have got, full well you know ;  
 Enjoy it still, and as your years accrew,  
 Let mutual Passions still this Love renew

This bond of Love which Fortune, Time, nor Fate  
 Shall ever cancel till Lifes utmost date :  
 But as the amorous Vine her Elm doth grasp,  
 Twine both our souls, and with embraces clasp.

*Upon this rare Erotique Subject,*  
 The Master-piece of L O V E,  
 By Mr. Loveday.

**A**S Perl'mong Gems, so mong the Passions Love  
 Excels, and in the highest Orb doth move,  
 Her Sisters Faith and Hope attend us here,  
 While through frail Elements our course we steer :  
 But Love soars with the Soul beyond the Sky,  
 Being Imp'd in Her to all Eternity.

But what was here a *Passion* that did *burn*,  
 And cool by fits, shall there be fix'd, and turn  
 To an *Angelik* Nature ever free  
 From all such humours of inconstancy.

This Author doth that *Passion* so display,  
 And in such high Ideas, that He may

Stand to be *Chair-man*, and so sit above  
The *Common Masters* in the School of *Love*.

*To his worthy Friend,*

Mr. Wallan,

*Upon the View of his*

A S T R A E A.

**M**ay great *Apollo*, and his charming *Quire*  
Of *Girls* nere more my Brain inspire:  
May I nere fetch more Naps on *Parnasse* Mount,  
Or drink one drop of the *Castalian* Fount,  
If with *Aftra* I am not so grown  
In love, that I could wish she were *mine own*.

*A Pregnant Vow  
For a safe and seasonable Delivery*

*To*

*The Excellent Lady, the Lady*

**K A T H E R I N E,**  
*Marchioness of Dorchester.*

*To Lucina.*

**H**ail, gentle Goddess, Midwifes Queen  
Which pregnant Wombs from pain dost free,  
May thy best care and skill be seen  
In hastning this Delivery,  
To han sel (as their Hopes are fair)  
The Princely Parents with an Heir,

May *Sol* at his Nativity  
With *Venus* in Conjunction be ;  
May that Auspicious *Signe* then raign  
Which hath Dominion ore the *Brain*  
(The *Soul*'s chief Palace) to inspire  
His Intellect with Entbean fire.

May *Cynthia* then at full appeer,  
Not pale or red, but white and clear,

*wish.* May *Thames* be at her highest pride,  
Elated with a smooth *Spring-tide* :  
• May the whole Region here below  
With sweet *Favonian* breezes blow.

*may.* And since the Month's like to be *May*  
When *Ceres* looks so fresh and gay,  
When evry bush doth blossoms bring,  
And evry Bird doth Carols sing :  
May all these Auguries conspire  
To make the *Infant* like the *Sire* ;  
And what more happiness then *This* ,  
Can Mother hope, or Mortal wish ?

---

*Upon his Majesties Return,*  
*With the Dukes of York and Gloucester.*

*T*he Stars of late *Eccentrik* went  
Out of the *British* Firmament,  
But now they are *fix'd* there again,  
And all concentrated in *Charles* *main* ;  
Where, since just Heaven did them restore,  
They shine more glorious then before.

*V* Long may they glitter in that *Sky*  
With Beams of new *Refulgency* ;  
May great *Apollo* from his *Spheare*  
Encrease their light, and motions clear,

So that old *Albion* may from thence  
Grow younger by their *Influence*.

May no ill-boding Blazing Star,  
No Northern Mist, or Civil War,  
No lowring Planet ever reign  
Their lustre to obscure again,  
But may whole Heav'n be fair and clear,  
And evry Star a *Cavalier*.

*Before*

ΘΗΡΟΑΟΓΡΑ.

*Or,*

*The Party of Beasts.* 1658.

Tree spake before, now the same strength of Art  
Makes Beasts to cun the *Alphabet* by heart,  
And cut their *Breaths* to sound *Articulat*  
*Discursive* congruous Accents to prolate :  
For *Speech* is breath, Breath *Air* let in and out,  
But 'tis the *Mind* that brings the work about.  
Such a rare Charter the worlds *Architec*  
Vouchsaf'd to give the *Human Intellect*  
To create *Words* : for 'tis *Mankind* alone  
Can *Language* frame, and *syllabize* the tone.

But here Beasts speak, they mone, chide, cry, com-  
And at the Bar of *Justice* men arraign : (plain,  
I 4 Such

Such are our crying sins, that Beasts resent  
Our wickedness, and wretched case lament.

Which shews the world is Heftical, and near  
Its great, and fatal Climacterik year :  
The whole Creation mourns, and doth deplore  
The ruthful state of *Human Kind* ; Therefore  
If Men cannot be warn'd when Men do teach,  
Then let them hearken here what Beasts do preach.

*In Formas mutata novas Mens dicere gestit  
Corpora; & in primas iterum transversa Figuras,  
Dii faveant cæptis.*

*An Eucharistical Rapture,*  
*With*  
*A Gradual Hymn to the Heavenly Hierarchy.*

**N**atures great God, the Cause of Causes be  
Ador'd and prais'd to all Eternity :  
That supreme Good, that Quintessential Light,  
VVhich quickens all that's hidden or in sight,  
VVhich breathd in Man the *Intellectual Soul*,  
Thereby to rule all Creatures, and controul  
What Water, Earth, or Air produce — — —

*The Hymn.*

O Holy Souls, O Heavenly Saints,  
 Who from corruption, and the taints  
 Of flesh and blood, from pain and tears,  
 From pining griefs, and panting fears,  
 And from all passions except *Love*  
 (Which onely reigns with you *above*)  
 Are now exempt, and made in endless Bliss  
 Free Denizens, and Heirs of Paradis.

O glorious Angels, who behold  
 The Lord of Light from Thrones of Gold,  
 Yet do vouchsafe to look on *Man*,  
 To be his Guide and Gardian,  
 Praying always that He may be  
 Partner of your felicity.

O Blissful *Saints* and *Angels*, may ye still  
 The Court of Heav'n with Hallelujahs fill.

Seraphik Powers, Cherubs, Thrones,  
 Virtues, and Dominations,  
 Supernal Principalities,  
 Glories, and *Intelligencies*  
 Who guide the course of Stars in Sky,  
 And what in their vast Concaves lie,  
 May ye for ever great *Febovah*'s Will,  
 And his Commands throughout the world fulfil.  
 Archangels,

Archangels, who the most sublime Degree  
 Do hold in the Cœlestiā Hierarchy,  
 And can endure to see, and face alone  
 The glorious Beatific Vision,  
 A joy which all joys else transcends so far  
 As doth the Morning Sun the meanest Star.

*Archangels, Angels, Saints, Souls sever'd, may ye still*  
*The Empyrean Court with Hallelujahs fill.*

---

*Upon the Exquisit Romance of the Bishop of Bellay,*  
*Made English out of the French,*  
*By Serjeant-Major John Wright,*

MY Wit lay fallow, and my teeming Brain  
 Thought to repose a while from any strain  
 Of Poetizing, till the Air of France  
 Rowz'd up my Fancy by this new Romance ;  
 Which for variety, for substance, sence,  
 For rich Invention, and neat Eloquence,  
 And now in point of Version may compare  
 With any of this kind though nere so rare.

*Original and Copy co-excel,*  
*The Prelat and the Souldier share the Bell :*  
*In Tongue they differ, but for Mind and Will*  
*They faithful are to one another still.*  
*By this I find, which men do seldom see,*  
*The Mitre with the Helmet may agree.*

To  
Mr. Nath. Johnson,  
Upon his Version of Pyrander.

IF this Trage-Comedy in *England* chance  
To find such welcome as it did in *France*,  
Twill highly be esteem'd; nor do I see  
But it may look for like Civility:  
For, neither Prose nor Verse have lost, but won  
In point of strength by this *Traducción*.  
So have I known brisk *Gascon* wines brought ore,  
And drink far better on our English shore.

Upon Mr. Benlowes *Divine Theopbila*.

POets have diff'ring Fires, some spend their stock  
On the grave *Buskin*, or the merry *Sock*:  
Others by *Lyrik* feet do gently steal  
Into a Ladies bosome: Others deal  
With *Wars*, and sing of stout adventrous *Knightes*,  
Of their high *Trophies*, hardy *Feats and Fights*:  
Some feed their *Fancies* on th' *Arcadian* *Plains*,  
And profligate their *Muse* to silly *Swains*,  
All these do creep on *Earth*, and if perchance  
They set to *Sea*, further they not advance.

But

But thy Diviner Muse mounts to the *Skies*,  
 And Heaven fills with holy Rapsodies,  
 Fit to make Hymns for the Cœlestial *Quire*,  
 And Angels with their Melody inspire.

---

*On Doctor Charletons learned Piece, by proving that  
 Stone-henge is a Danish-Monument,  
 In his New Survey.*

**T**is hard to clear *Old Truths*, but to unmask  
 An *Old-grown Error*, is a greater Task :  
 This You have done, and undeceiv'd Mankind  
 Of an *Opinion* kept us long so blind.  
 Wherefore in this *Survey* by just *Extent*  
 You have made *Stone-henge* your own *Monument*.

---

*Of Mrs. Diana Bill,  
 Born and Baptiz'd lately in Cane-wood,  
 bard by High-gate.*

**W**here shold *Diana* properly be born  
 But in a *Wood*? A *Wood* that thinks it scorn  
 To yeild to *Tempe*, or *Dodonas Grove*,  
 Which consecrated was to mighty *Jove* :  
 A *Wood* whence great *Diana's Temple* may  
 Be seen four thousand paces off each day  
 With

With a huge *City*<sup>\*</sup>, who her Name doth owe  
Unto that Goddess, as good Stories show.

May this new-born *Diana* like *Cane-wood*  
Grow up and Taper, Germinat and Bud;  
And in due course of yeers be fitly *Mand*  
To spread the Race of Noble *Westmerland*.

\* *London.*

---

*Upon Her Majesties 31 days sayling from Lisbon  
to England.*

**G**reat *Britaius* Queen launching into the Deep,  
From *Tagus* to the *Thames* her Court to keep,  
*Neptun* and *Eolus*, as they joyntly strove  
To do Her Homage, fell so far in love  
With Her Seraphic countenance and grace,  
That They so long kept Her in their Embrace.

Another Cause might be why Heav'n did please  
She shold so long stay steering on the Seas,  
That coming to be Queen of that great *King*  
To whom so many *Seas* Allegiance bring,  
She might some skill in *Navigation* gain,  
And learn with *Him* how to command the *Main*.

*Upon*

*Upon the Posthume-Poems of Mr. Lovelace.*

THE Rose with other fragrant flowrs smell best  
 VVhen they are *pluck'd*, and worn in Hand or  
 Brest ;  
 So this fair *Flour* of Vertu, this rare *Bud* —  
 Of *Wit*, smells now as fresh as when he stood,  
 And in these *Posthume-Poems* lets us know  
 That he upon the banks of *Helicon* did grow,  
 The beauty of his Soul did correspond  
 With his fair outside, if not go beyond.

*Lovelace* the Minion of the *Thebrian* Dames,  
 Apollo's Darling born with *Enthean* flames,  
 VVhich in his Numbers wave, and shine so clear,  
 As sparks refracted from rich Gems appear  
 Such sparks that with their Atoms may inspire  
 The Reader with a pure *Poetik* fire.

*Upon the Gran Climaüerik Year — — 63.*

HE who nine seven in seven nine years  
 Upon his stooping sholders bears,

When

When ore his head the glorious *Sun*  
About the world his course hath run  
*Sixty three* times, and on that score  
Hath *felt* eight hundred *Moons* and more;  
'Tis time, high time that He shold ply  
The *Art* of Learning how to *Die*,  
And think all *Sounds* his *Passing-Bell*,  
To bid the *Lower World* Farewel.

*Alia Desunt.*

*F I N I S.*